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and Independent

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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

"Impossible" Americans

To the Editor: *Detroit*

SIR—In the October 14th issue of the OUTLOOK, under the caption, "Armenians Are Impossible," Mr. Lincoln Steffens states clearly Col. T. E. Lawrence's views about the races of the Near East. The comments of this self-styled "imperialist" are dreadful and vicious in character, almost incredible. Mr. Steffens' true personality, however, inspires confidence to take them in good faith.

The substance of Col. Lawrence's whole argument, especially against the Armenians, is the following: Armenians are lazy; they won't work, they want others to work for them. They are too intelligent to work for others. They are traders and exploiters, but not manufacturers. When they earn money they save it, they don't spend it, etc.

Col. Lawrence knows quite well that prior to the World War ninety per cent of Armenians in their six provinces were engaged in farming, the making of shoes, rugs, cotton goods, silk; building and many other enterprises. Nearly all artisans and most of the laborers were Armenians. Today in the Soviet Armenian Republic ninety per cent of Armenians are engaged in farming, also making leather goods, shoes, cottons, woolens, cheese, wine, cognac, stone cutting and other minor manufacturing, and operating of copper mines. Most of the artisans and laborers are Armenians. Again, in the United States eighty-five per cent of them are engaged as laborers in automobile, shoe, iron, cotton, woolen, silk and other textile industries, shirt making, machine and tool making, photo-engraving, vineyard cultivating, etc. These breadwinners have bought for themselves homes, properties, and farms. Only a small number of them are engaged in trading and shop keeping and in professional work. When it comes to the matter of hard work, tell it to the Armenians. They earn their living by the sweat of their brows.

But this Col. Lawrence's cryptic objective remains unexposed. He says that "the Armenians must not have Armenia," even "not the back lands." Why? As long as there was an Armenian political question in Turkey to exploit, Armenians were all right. British and other Occidental imperialists joyfully utilized the Armenians' blood and bones like charcoal and pulled out of the fire chestnuts galore. What did the Armenians receive? Nothing, except that they have been loaded with orphans and widows. Armenians lost forty per cent of their blood and all their earnings of centuries. But this "imperialist" is not content even with this. He wishes them wiped out.

If there exists an Armenian question, it now belongs to the S. S. Soviet Republic of Russia. The obvious reason why this "imperialist" hates the remainder of the Armenians is because he sees no chance to exploit them any more and so he calls them "impossible." Henceforth he will sing the song of Turks, Kurds, Arabs and other races, not because he likes them, but because by uniting them as a barrier against S. S. Soviet Republics of Russia, he will protect the British interests.

These races of the Near East must beware of this "imperialist," for he is not interested in their cause "but in solid things—oil, ore, air and sea," etc. These races have only one common solution for their problems, and that is to labor for a harmonious, brotherly understanding between themselves.

I am sure Col. Lawrence is making futile propaganda for his "cause," by suggesting through Mr. Steffens that America should assume the massacre of all Armenian Adams and Eves. "Your policy with your Indians is the one for the Armenians," he says. I do not see why Americans should do that dirty job for him. Nevertheless, I want to remind him of the following Oriental proverb: "The bitter vinegar hurts its pot," and add to that that Armenians have decided to stay on this earth to the end.

Britishers in general are brave men, and there exists humanity in them; but not in this Col. Lawrence, because in Mr. Steffens' leave-taking, instead of standing by his words, he loses his courage and says to him, "Write it carefully, not too clearly, and by the way don't quote me, I have said nothing, nothing."

N. L. MANGOUNI.

Race Track Betting

To the Editor: *Bradford, Pa.*

SIR—In Oliver McKee, Jr's. article recently published in the OUTLOOK about Chief Justice Hughes, he cites the anti-race track gambling bill as a piece of progressive legislation. This piece of legislation made progress like the crab, backwards. It spread handbook gambling all over the United States. Almost immediately leased telegraph wires carried entries and odds to every city in the land. It was a boon to thousands in New York who could not go to the tracks to play the races. It was hard on the metropolitan race tracks for a time but they came back and seem to be doing pretty well now. At that time Governor Hughes was evidently flirting with the same cross section of country which now looks upon prohibition as the chief aim and end of human effort. Very recently the Associated Press carried a dispatch from Washington which stated that the heads of departments there were in despair because they could not drive handbook making away from their departments.

W. C. HIGGINS.

Facing Both Ways

To the Editor: *Princeton, N. J.*

SIR—May I say how heartily I indorse the letter of H. W. Jordan, in the issue of October 21st? At least in regard to your cartoons of Mr. Hoover as Janus. That you should publish them, not merely once, but a second time, seemed to me to show a lack of self-respect.

I, and very many others, would have much more regard for the opinions of the OUTLOOK were it not so unreasonably opposed to almost anything connected with the President. Incidentally, I am decidedly against prohibition myself.

I had been hoping to see some protests against these cartoons, and Mr. Jordan's gives me courage to add my own, though not in quite such a harsh spirit, I think.

HELEN HOWE.

Turn the Rascals Out

To the Editor: *La Porte City, Iowa*

SIR—I cannot help but notice how the prohibition forces are working, rallying tooth and nail for fear of a referendum. In other words the professional reformer is still sticking his nose in other people's business. I hope your continual fight for the right will bear fruit, because up to now it surely has. It seems you are too generous in publishing as many letters that are antagonistic as you do.

Your "Remarkable Remarks" column is good. Please do not let up on the rascals one bit.

C. A. FOSSE.

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Next Week

The Truth About the Navy

By Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.

What constitutes an adequate Navy for the protection of the United States? This question, rather than the question of naval facts raised by the Hoover-Navy League controversy, is the subject of a constructive article by a well-known authority on national defence.

Meet Mrs. Lenin

By Hilda Ageloff

A first-hand word picture of the widow of the Martyr of Sovietism and what she is doing for the revolutionary system of state education.

When T. R. Took Panama

From Roosevelt: A Serial Biography

By Henry F. Pringle

One of the most controversial historical events in Roosevelt's administration is narrated in this installment, with many new facts about this much-debated episode.

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"HOW'S THAT?"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

Trend of the Week

Program of a Conference

DINO GRANDI, Foreign Minister of Italy, with his wife, a friend and a corps of secretaries, under-secretaries, attachés and so on, comes to the United States, it is said, to confer personally with President Hoover, to make specific proposals to him concerning disarmament, reparations and treaty revision, and to discuss with him matters of far-reaching importance. That is the plan. This, however, is the actual program:

Monday, November 16—Signor Grandi arrives in New York, proceeds to Washington at once, dines *en famille* at Secretary Stimson's country place and makes a brief formal call on Mr. Hoover.

Tuesday—Signor Grandi places a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, calls upon Vice-President Curtis, calls upon Chief Justice Hughes, has luncheon at the Italian Embassy and attends a dinner at the Pan-American Union.

Wednesday—Signor and Signora Grandi move from Woodley, Mr. Stimson's estate, to the Mayflower Hotel, attend a luncheon given by Secretary Mellon and a formal dinner in their honor at the White House.

Thursday—The Grandis attend a luncheon given by Under-Secretary Castle and a dinner given by the Italian Ambassador.

Friday—The Grandis go to Philadelphia, attend a luncheon given by the mayor and a dinner given by the Sons of Italy.

Saturday—Signor and Signora Grandi inspect the Widener art collection and proceed to Baltimore to be the guests of John W. Garrett, American ambassador to Italy.

Sunday—The Grandis remain with Ambassador Garrett.

Monday—The Grandis bid Ambassador Garrett good-bye and proceed to New York.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—The Grandis remain in New York.

Friday, November 27—The Grandis sail.

No doubt it will be an epoch-making, world-shaking conference that Signor Grandi will hold with Mr. Hoover. But just when and how long do the conferees confer?

An American Tragedy

THEODORE DREISER and his fellow investigators of the Kentucky coal fields will hardly reveal anything startling to those who have followed developments there. Conditions in Harlan and Bell counties, as in other regions of the sick soft-coal industry, have been closely scrutinized before and are known to be wretched beyond words. In October, for instance, Louis Stark, labor expert of the New York *Times,* presented evidence of grave destitution, violence and threats of civil war before the winter's end. Early in November the American Friends' Service Committee issued a call for relief funds, reporting that 25,000 children, not to speak of their jobless parents, were facing starvation in the mining sections of Kentucky and West Virginia alone.

Nevertheless the Dreiser inquiry is to be valued. Even if it adduces no new facts of major import it does give fresh and much-needed emphasis to the old ones. Through the power of Dreiser's name will come a more widespread knowledge of the emergency which may eventually result in steps being taken to meet it. A grave mistake will be made, however, if we stop at that. Though aggravated by the depression, the misery results from the fundamental dislocation of the soft-coal industry itself. Nothing short of a thorough overhauling will straighten it out. The major need today is to get this started at once, perhaps, as we have suggested, through action by Congress. If Mr. Dreiser increases the pressure to that end his inquiry will be decidedly worth while.

Artful Dodge

YOU MUSTN'T misunderstand the announcement by Fruit Industries, Ltd., that it isn't going to make any more Vine-Glo and won't sell you any more of it. It doesn't mean that it isn't going to make any more grape concentrate; it merely means that it's going to call the concentrate something else besides Vine-Glo. Nor does it mean that its product will be any less intoxicating if permitted to ferment—not so far as we can discover. Finally, it doesn't mean that you're not to *have* any more of its concentrate. It merely means that it's not going to *sell* you any more. Instead, it will sell the concentrate to your grocer, who will sell it to you. It has decided to stop being a retailer and become a wholesaler.

Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock says this decision is to be hailed as "greatly strengthening the position of the Prohibition Bureau in enforcement operations." And we guess he's right. For the position of the Bureau is to interfere with the big grape concentrate distributors as little as possible, just as the position of the Federal Farm Board is to lend them government money. Hereafter the Bureau won't have to interfere with them at all—not even rarely and reluctantly, as in the past. Instead, it can raid and jug an occasional grocer, thereby upholding the majesty of the law and achieving a triumph for enforcement. To be sure, it will still be necessary to prove that the grocers sold the concentrate with an "intent" that it be used in the manufacture of an intoxicant. But, since everybody knows that grocers are pretty evil-minded fellows, it probably won't be difficult to show they "intended" the worst—as compared with the big concentrate people, who have been retailing the product with an "in-

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tent" that it be used in the manufacture of chocolate ice cream soda.

So, the big concentrate people can feel

Wide World

MUSSOLINI'S MESSENGER
Dino Grandi, Foreign Minister of Italy, now visiting President Hoover

quite safe from prosecution hereafter. Because it will be quite obvious that their "intent" is pure; that they certainly don't expect the grocers to keep the concentrate for themselves and let it become wine. The whole situation ought to work out pretty well. To be sure, private citizens may gag at the gross hypocrisy of it all, but they can't do a thing about it. They can't do a thing about it until election day next year, when, of course, they can do a great deal.

▸▸*Wet and Anti-Hoover*

THE SIMPLE, indisputable fact is that the November 3 elections comprised a victory for the wets, a victory for the Democrats and an expression of hostility to the Hoover Administration. No other defensible conclusion can be drawn from the seven contests which received national attention—the special congressional elections in Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan and Ohio, and the gubernatorial elections in Kentucky and New Jersey. As to the wet victory, one need only note that prohibition, while not an issue in Kentucky, was an issue in the other states, where wets were elected to each of the five vacancies in Congress and a forthright wet, rather than a hesitant one, to the governorship of New Jersey.

The Democratic and anti-Hoover flavors must be examined in more detail. To begin with, the Second Pennsylvania Congressional district was conceded to the Republicans and the Seventh New York and Twentieth Ohio districts to the Democrats. So the contest actually narrowed to the Eighth Michigan and the First Ohio districts and to the races for governor in Kentucky and New Jersey. In all these instances the Hoover Administration was the one dominant issue—with these results: A Democrat, Judge Ruby Laffoon, was elected governor of Kentucky to replace a Republican; a Democrat, Harry Moore, was elected governor of New Jersey to replace another Republican; a Democrat, Michael J. Hart, was elected to Congress by the Eighth Michigan District, which had gone Republican consistently for 32 years, and a Republican, John B. Hollister, was elected to Congress by the First Ohio district, which, save for 1912, had gone Republican in every election of the century. Here, then, on the Hoover issue, are definite Democratic gains in Republican, or at least doubtful, territory. Only a professional politician like Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee could call them "nothing of discouragement to President Hoover's Administration." Actually, they are clear evidence that the Hoover Administration is as unpopular now as it was in 1930, when it was so decisively rebuked at the polls.

▸▸*The Elections and 1932*

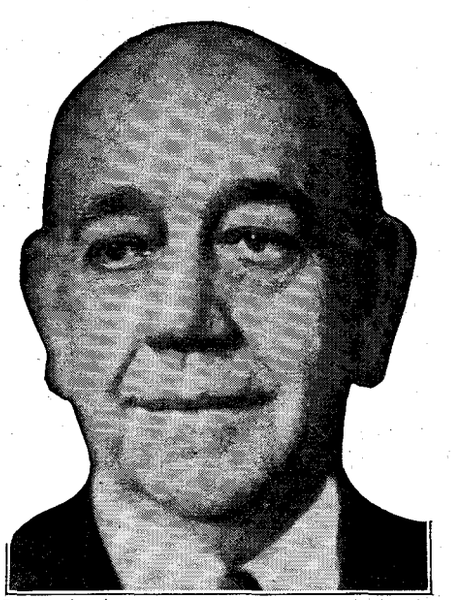
ONE OUTSTANDING RESULT of the November 3 elections is psychological but none the less important. Democratic gains in municipal, state and district contests have heightened the popular impression that we are headed toward a Democratic year. This not only encourages the Democratic politicians but materially aids them in recruiting voters, who like to string along with the probable winner.

The second outstanding result is to be noted in Kentucky and New Jersey. Electing governors there, as well as other state officers, the Democrats have gained control of the patronage in two states which promise to be crucial and very closely contested in 1932. It is conceivable that this will mean the difference between defeat and victory and worth noting that the Democrats could win by carrying these two states, the Solid South and four other states—New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois—in which they have made large gains since 1928.

As for the third outstanding result, it is of course the probability that the Democrats will organize the House of Representatives. With the Democrats winning three of the five contested seats and with the Republicans losing another seat through the death of Representative Wurzbach of Texas on November 6, the line-up in the House stands at 217 Democrats, 214 Republicans and one Farmer-Laborite. There are now three vacant seats, two of which are to be filled before Congress convenes. But the Republicans will hardly capture both. Even if they do, they will not be able to organize the House unless deaths or absences reduce the Democratic ranks without reducing their own.

Many observers argue that a Democratic House will be a liability rather than an asset to the Democratic party in the 1932 elections. They say that it will pile responsibility but not controlling power on the Democrats, who therefore may share public dissatisfaction which

Keystone



International

HARRY AND RUBY
Governors-elect Moore and Laffoon, Democratic victors in New Jersey and Kentucky

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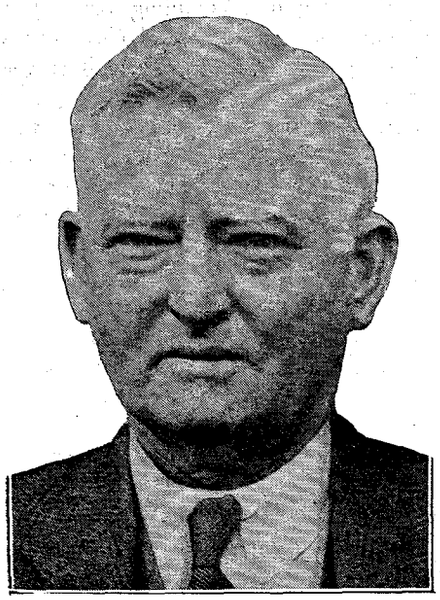
otherwise would fall upon the Republicans alone. This argument would be more plausible if our electorate possessed



SPEAKER TO BE
John N. Garner, probable successor of the late Nicholas Longworth

the political acumen necessary to draw fine distinctions. It doesn't. It grasps but the barest rudiments, in this case that the Administration is Republican and that times have been hard. It will think of the Republican Administration rather than of the Democratic House if times are still hard in 1932.

▶▶*Remainders*

THE ELECTIONS produced the following state and municipal developments of more than state or municipal import:

First, the defeat of the Socialist government in Reading, Pennsylvania, by a fusion of Republicans and Democrats who had advanced separate tickets when the Socialists won in 1927. With the loss of Reading the Socialists are left without control of any Eastern city, hence without an opportunity of showing Easterners how Socialism actually works.

Secondly, the repudiation of the city manager plan by Cleveland, the largest municipality to adopt it. Cleveland's return to mayors after seven years under city managers may conceivably prevent some cities from experimenting with the city manager system. It will not prevent any city from having doubts about the mayor system.

Thirdly, the failure of the Democrats to gain control of the New York legislature, which, with the Republicans still in a majority, will continue to investigate New York City, hoping to unearth new scandals for use against the next Democratic candidate for President, particularly if he happens to be Franklin Roosevelt.

Finally, the approval in a state-wide referendum of the New York reforestation program supported by Governor Roosevelt and opposed by former-governor Smith. Whether or not it was a genuine test of the comparative strength of Roosevelt and Smith, this referendum certainly had all the popular aspects of such a test. Hence Roosevelt has gained prestige which is being put to good use in the campaign to nominate him for President.

▶▶*Gandhi at the Palace*

THE crisis is over. Mahatma Gandhi has visited Buckingham Palace, wearing his loincloth and shawl. King George and Queen Mary received him at a large, formal afternoon party, shook hands with him and chatted for a few moments about the weather, just as if he had been dressed in morning clothes. And that was that. It was pretty disappointing. To American newspaper readers the most interesting thing about Gandhi's visit to England had been speculation about what would happen if he dared go to the Palace in his loincloth. They evidently imagined a scene something like this:

1st Guard to 2nd Guard—Hey, pipe the little guy in the loincloth!

2nd Guard—Where's he think he's going—wading? Look, he's stopping here.

1st Guard—Don't make me laugh. Whoever heard of coming to see the King in a loincloth?

2nd Guard—Strike me dead if he ain't. (To 3rd Guard): Lookit. Standing at the gate in a loincloth.

3rd Guard—My eye! (To 4th Guard): Get a load of what's calling at the Palace in a loincloth.

4th Guard—'Pon my word! (To 5th Guard): I say, there's a bally little blighter come to see the King. Got nothing on but a deuced loincloth.

5th Guard (To 1st Chamberlain, who passes the word rapidly along from 2nd to 3rd, 4th and 5th Chamberlains)—I say! Loincloth! Really!

5th Chamberlain (To King)—Beg pardon, Your Majesty, there is a person at the gate.

King—What kind of person?

Chamberlain—A poor person, Your Majesty, wearing a loincloth.

King—Loincloth?

Queen—What's this? Someone come to the party wearing a loincloth? Off with his head!

King—Now, now, my dear. Perhaps he can't afford—

Queen—Nonsense! Why doesn't he save his money? I have to scrimp and save, heaven knows, but you never see me—

King—It's Gandhi.

Queen—Well, Gandhi or no Gandhi, I'm not going to have any man traipsing around this Palace with nothing on but a loincloth. The idea. We've got young girls here. Off with his head, I say.

King—Oh, come. Perhaps just the dungeon—

Queen—No, no, no. Off with his head!

King—All right, all right. Off with his head, then. (To Chamberlain): Off with his head!

▶▶*Japan in China*

DEVELOPMENTS in Manchuria, and the steps being taken to prevent them, are confusing only to those who attempt to follow them in detail. This there is no need to do. It is enough to note that Japanese troops are still occupying Chinese territory in which they have no legal right and that on November 4 they precipitated a bloody clash with Chinese soldiers by moving into North Manchuria to repair the Nonni River bridge at a spot dangerously close to the Chinese Eastern Railway, jealously controlled by Russia. The reasons given by Japan for this northward movement are manifold and some of them are marvellous. But whatever the real reason, one thing is plain—it does not tend to further that withdrawal of Japanese troops from Chinese territory which the League of Nations by solemn

N. Y. Herald Tribune
BEACH PARTY SPLIT

resolution asked Japan to complete by November 16.

The effort to persuade Japan to com-

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ply with that resolution explains the many oral and written communications and answers that have passed between Aristide Briand, chairman of the League Council, and representatives of the Japanese government. Into the minutiae of these messages we need not enter. Suffice it to say that Japan has politely but stoutly resisted all pacific proposals, formal or informal, made either by the League or the United States. So far, the Kellogg war-renouncing pact, to which the United States and several other nations recently called Japan's attention, has been impotent to remove the grave threat of war in the Orient. One reason may be that, while notes emphasizing Japan's obligations under the pact have been sent to Tokio and while Tokio has answered them, neither the notes nor the answers have been officially published. This certainly does nothing to assist that mobilization of public opinion on which the pact is supposed to depend.

With the pact proved to be as futile as ever, hopes for peace in Manchuria now center solely on the League. If the League proves futile also, the nations will not fail to note that even the strongest of available peace instruments is too weak to be of much practical use. Nor will they fail to translate the lesson into terms of keeping their powder drier and more plentiful than ever.

▶▶*Japan and the League*

WE SHALL see what the League intends to do when the Council, on November 16, meets in the session called by M. Briand when fighting broke out at the Nonni River. So far the League's record in Manchuria has been none too impressive, but no one doubts that it has other tricks up its sleeve. Possibly it will ask its members to withdraw their ambassadors from Tokio as a gesture of disapproval. Conceivably—just conceivably—it will ask them to declare a boycott against Japan. But whatever it does, it must do something effective or suffer a severe, perhaps fatal, loss of prestige.

No nation can continue to regard the League as a valuable guarantor of its security if Japan is permitted to flout the League with impunity. And there can be no doubt that Japan has flouted the League at every turn. She has done so, first, by launching military operations in Chinese territory on September 18 despite her obligation under the League Covenant to submit any dispute with another League member (like China) to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitrators' award or the Council's report. She has done so, secondly, by bombing Chinchow, temporary Manchurian capital, on October 8, and by moving troops to the Nonni River bridge on November 4 after promising the League to refrain from any act which might aggravate the situation. Finally, she will evidently do so by disregarding the League's resolution for the withdrawal of her troops from Chinese soil by the middle of this month. To be sure this was merely a recommendation, without binding force, but it obviously represented the League's desire and best judgment.

At this writing it is not yet certain that Japan will defy the League by refusing to withdraw her troops by November 16, but it is highly probable. It does not follow, however, that, if she does, the League will have proved a flat failure, for it can then proceed to sterner measures if it chooses, and choose it must if it is not to fall down in the greatest test of its existence. Moreover the League must move swiftly. Japan has now been occupying Chinese territory for nearly two months, and every additional day means a loss in the League's prestige.

Keystone

ON THE SKIDS
David Lloyd George, former leader of British Liberal party

Awaiting the outcome of the test the League is undergoing, Americans may well note that the League is now the world's only hope. They may well note also that hope is no longer being placed in the toothless Kellogg pact.

▶▶*Decline of Lloyd George*

HAD David Lloyd George wished, he could have been in Premier MacDonald's new National cabinet—a cabinet which includes such Conservatives as Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, such MacDonald Laborites as Philip Snowden, J. H. Thomas and Lord Sankey, and such Liberals as Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir John Simon, the last as Foreign Minister. Head of the Liberal party, he could have won a cabinet position merely by supporting MacDonald's election program. Instead, he denounced it, holding that the elections were unnecessary and that they would wreck the Liberal party and result in tariffs, which he firmly opposes. Breaking with MacDonald, Lloyd George also broke with his fellow Liberals, who, though divided on the tariff issue, were united in MacDonald's support. Hence, since he won but four seats and attracted but 93,000 of the 23,000,000 votes cast in the general elections of October 27, he has neither the semblance of a new party nor leadership of the old.

It is pathetic, this end of Britain's war Premier who went to Versailles as a member of a big four including Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando, and now goes to the House of Commons as a member of a big four including his son, his daughter and his son's brother-in-law. These three are his party and all of it. With them he will do little or nothing save sit in the opposition benches with the handful of Laborites. Some say that he will go over to Labor entirely, possibly become its leader, but if so it will be by surrendering to Socialism, not by compromising with it. The talk of his building a free trade party is idle. He has neither the necessary followers nor the chance of getting them from Labor. Nor has he either the necessary prestige or the vigor to regain power as he did after his unpopular opposition to the Boer War. Lloyd George, mind you, is sixty-eight years old. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1890, the year that saw Bryan elected to our House of Representatives. Unfortunately his exit from public life now promises to be as graceless as that of Bryan himself.

▶▶*Having It Both Ways*

AS WE HAVE previously pointed out, many of Mr. Hoover's policies can be understood only by realizing that he is trying to stand on both sides of them at once. It is so with his policy on government expenditures in general. Does he come out today—as he did on November 4—with a boast that by the first of January 100,000 men will be at work on that part of the federal building program instituted to overcome unemploy-

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ment? If he does, he will come out a few days later—as he did on November 6—with a boast that he has cut $350,000,000 from the appropriation requests of the various departments. Does he say this month—as he did on October 16—that "the federal government must make its contribution to expanded employment"? If he does, he will say next month—as he did on November 6—that "every item has been cut, every item postponed that can be done without injury to the fundamental purpose of the departments and the efficiency of the services."

Now the federal government, obviously, can spend money for only two things—labor and materials. If it spends money for labor it increases employment directly and if it spends money for materials it increases employment indirectly. Contrariwise, if it cuts its normal expenditures for either labor or materials it decreases employment by that much. In the present circumstances, a President might defensibly follow either the economy course or the expenditure course. He might defensibly cut federal appropriations to the bone, leaving it to local, state and private agencies to provide jobs for the unemployed, and insisting that federal expenditures be kept down so that taxes might be kept down. Or he might defensibly advocate increased federal appropriations for public works and so on; insisting that the unemployed come before the taxpayers and that it is the duty of the federal government to provide jobs.

But it stands to reason that he gets nowhere if he tries to follow both courses at once, as Mr. Hoover is doing, for what he gains on one course he loses on the other. The Administration, however, evidently believes that, though this is bad logic, it is good politics. The unemployed are apparently expected to applaud whenever the Administration increases expenditures and puts men to work while the taxpayers are to applaud whenever it decreases expenditures and throws men out of work, and both groups are to rally 'round the ballot boxes for Hoover in 1932. Somehow, though, it doesn't seem as if it were going to work out that way.

▸▸*It's a Wet Country*

THE AMERICAN Federation of Labor is wet, and has so indicated. The American Bar Association is wet, and has so indicated. The American Medical Association is wet, and has so indicated. The American Legion is wet, and has so indicated. And now *Bradstreet's* declares that American business leaders are wet, and that they have so indicated. Having questioned a number of them—two or three in each community—*Bradstreet's* reports that fifty-five per cent believe business would be helped by repeal of the Volstead act while fourteen per cent believe it would be helped by modification.

Put these pieces of evidence as to public sentiment with others which have become available during the past two years. Early in 1930 the du Pont poll indicated that Delaware voters favor the repeal of their state enforcement act. The Harvard *Crimson's* poll of fourteen Eastern and mid-Western colleges went wet by three to one. The *Literary Digest's* national poll showed that an overwhelming majority of the respondents favored either repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or revision of the Volstead law. Finally, in referenda connected with the 1930 elections, Rhode Island voted for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, Massachusetts and Illinois for repeal of their state enforcement acts and the latter for repeal of the Volstead act and the Eighteenth Amendment as well.

All other wet evidence aside, it is difficult to consider the evidence here specified without concluding that wets now constitute a majority of the American people. Whatever it may have been five or ten years ago, the United States is a wet country today. The fact should be vastly encouraging to the Crusaders, the Women's Organization for National

Remarkable Remarks

The greatest problem today is to find employment for all our people.—SENATOR REED SMOOT.

B. Gaston Chandler, 65 Polk Apts., Nashville, Tenn., $5 prize.

Prosperity will return as soon as fifty-one per cent of the people go right spiritually.—ROGER W. BABSON.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Prohibition has done a great deal to develop character in America.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

William Stratton, 4033 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Beer is an unpalatable and sickening drink. —RT. REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

R. F. Hrabak, Schuyler, Neb., $2 prize.

We wear mustaches because we have eye trouble. Without a mustache our eyes become weaker. It's a scientific fact.—GOV. WILLIAM (ALFALFA BILL) MURRAY.

Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.

If married people fight at bridge, the game serves a good purpose. My advice to married people is not to fight less at bridge but to fight more.—ELY CULBERTSON.

Henry O. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

The little man pants for fame; the great, like Gandhi, arrive without pants.—ROBERT QUILLEN.

M. L. Ashmore, Route 8, Box 214, Battle Creek, Mich., $2 prize.

Hollywood is a paradise of peace.—WILLY POGANY.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

Love? Oh, no. People are too depressed for love.—PEGGY JOYCE.

H. Alexander, 1095 Park Ave., New York, $2 prize.

Women are more cunning than men. They study cause and effect.—PETER B. KYNE.

Myrtle Conger, 300 K. P. Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 384

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Prohibition Reform, the Association for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and other groups with similar objectives. With public opinion demonstrably wet, the task of these organizations becomes doubly important. In last analysis, that task is to persuade the voters to register in specific elections the wet sentiment they so decisively register in official and unofficial polls. We believe that it will be an easier task next year than it has ever been before.

▸▸Report on Lynching

WHENEVER a lynching takes place in the South some Northerner bobs up with a proposal for a federal anti-lynching law. Similar proposals can be expected now that a Southern commission has reported that, of the twenty-one persons lynched in 1930, certainly two and possibly eleven others were innocent of the charges advanced against them. And as soon as the proposals are made they will be forgotten, for neither party in Congress has any intention of supporting any such law.

The commission—which includes George Fort Milton of the Chattanooga *News*, Julian Harris of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Dr. Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina and Dr. R. R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute—finds that the guilt of at least half of those lynched is doubtful; that, contrary to the general assumption, fewer than one-fourth of the persons lynched since 1890 were even accused of assaulting white women; that claims that lynchings are necessary because courts do not convict Negroes are fallacious; that mob leaders can be identified easily, but are seldom indicted, and that lynchings are most likely to happen in poor and ignorant communities.

These conclusions are by no means novel. On the contrary, it is their very agreement with the conclusions of previous students of lynching which lends them their importance. Here are a group of Southerners digging into a question and not only emerging with the facts, but boldly broadcasting them, the favorable and unfavorable alike. It is gratifying to learn that this same body intends to draft new anti-lynching laws for submission to Southern legislatures. What they draft may not be enacted and what is enacted may be enforced no better than laws already on the statute books, but the candid report of this commission is additional evidence that the lynching problem had best be left to the Southerners themselves. Their progress is slow, and it is often retarded by politicians playing to the rabble, but it is sure and better than no progress at all.

▸▸How to Waste Time

IF EVER you happen to be President of the United States and want to waste some time, here's what to do:

Read an unimportant little pamphlet entitled *The President and the Navy*, by a man named Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner is president of the Navy League, an organization whose hobby is to send statements on naval matters to newspaper editors, who usually disregard them. Get all worked up about the pamphlet. Issue a public statement declaring that it is full

International

PRESIDENTIAL TARGET

William Howard Gardiner of the Navy League of the United States

of untruths and distortions of fact and that you expect Mr. Gardiner to apologize. Say that you will appoint a committee to investigate the pamphlet, which few people will have read until you give it international publicity. Don't by any chance ignore it. And don't issue a single statement showing where it is in error. Appoint a five-man committee and do the thing up brown.

Having appointed the committee, limit its investigation to the pamphlet's assertions of facts; don't let it inquire into statements of opinion or "budgetary or general policies of the navy." Make a gesture of having three of the committee's members from the Navy League itself. But see to it that the five members include a retired Admiral in the Navy of which you are Commander-in-Chief and four of your close friends, two of whom play medicine ball with you and are dependent upon you for their jobs as assistant secretaries of the Navy and State Departments. This will make sure that every one will regard your investigation as prejudiced.

The committee can then conduct a two-day inquiry, without hearing witnesses from the Navy League, and can thereupon submit a 10,000-word report reprinting the pamphlet and answering it in detail. Among other things the committee can report that "the United States has under construction at the present time a larger tonnage than any other power" and that "there is no basis for an assumption that the President intends to abandon the Washington and London treaty ratios." This may get you in bad with the pacifists, who had been supporting you in your attack on Mr. Gardiner, but what do you care? And no one else will pay much attention to your committee's report, but again what do you care? What do you care about any one or anything? After all, you're only wasting time.

▸▸In Brief

A Swiss doctor declares that there are thirty-eight kinds of poison gas available for use in the next war. So now we know exactly how many kinds of poison gas will be used in the next war. . . . The good Dean Inge is turning Pollyanna. Here he is discussing the possible end of the British Empire. Just a short time ago he was discussing the possible end of modern civilization. . . . It is understood, of course, that those Roman husbands and wives who enter the official competition for the honor of having the largest number of children in the next five years will not first be required to pass an intelligence test. . . . Sensible of the Kansas Supreme Court to call Sunday newspapers a necessity. If it were not for Sunday newspapers, what would we have to scatter all over the house on Sunday? . . . . America, said Senator Fess the other day, was the last country to feel the business depression and will be the first to come out of it. No one interrupted to call his attention to a country named France. . . . Now that a naval committee appointed by President Hoover has submitted a report in favor of President Hoover it is up to the Navy League to appoint a committee to submit a report in favor of the Navy League. . . . Secretary Stimson has had telephone equipment installed in the State Department which enables ten of his associates to participate in a conversation with Europe at the same time. Now, perhaps, our officials will learn what Europe really thinks of our tariff law.

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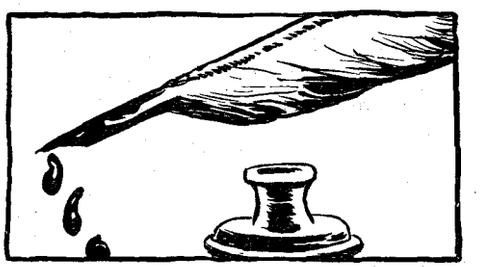
After the Drive—What?



In their appeals for the unemployed last Sunday, Calvin Coolidge and General Pershing undoubtedly coined the slogans which the assembled advertising brains of America failed to mint when they prepared the copy for the President's Organization on Emergency Relief. Appealed Mr. Coolidge: "Give what America is worth to you." Said General Pershing: "What you give in this crisis is spent at home. It goes to your neighbor, to people you know and esteem. You have literally become your brother's keeper in a material and spiritual sense. It should be a matter of honor and pride for every community to care for its own. If tomorrow America should call for men to die for her, as she did in the World War, millions would volunteer. But this call is not for sacrifice of life; it is to give life. You are summoned to live like Americans and to see that your neighbors live like Americans—strong and unafraid. You cannot afford to fail. You will not fail. You will give and give freely. You will go forward in pride and self-respect to victory, again to see our people enjoy prosperity, comfort and happiness."

In other words, say Mr. Coolidge and General Pershing, 1932 bids fair to repeat the emergency of 1918, so far as America is concerned. In giving to your local community, in giving a job to your neighbors and friends, you are holding American families together in a time of stress. You are defending the American nation against the assaults of hunger and illness, just as clearly as the A. E. F. and the American navy defended it from the far-off assaults of the Germans. No sacrifice is too great in such a cause. For certainly no American can truly say that America has not made him. Let each American, then, with a dollar or a job, give back to the nation in proportion to the wellbeing which America has made it possible for him to achieve. "Give what America is worth to you." From Mr. Gifford and Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Young down to the most unimportant head of the smallest relief committee in the smallest town, this is the burden of the present drive for local funds.

Inevitably, memories of the 1918 Red Cross drive for the famous $100,000,000 are brought to mind. True, instead of chapter quotas and a national fund, some forty communities are making formal drives for only $28,000,000; instead of help for the boys overseas, the goal is relief for the unemployed in each community. But otherwise the mechanism and the appeal are much the same. Magazine and newspaper publicity and advertising, speakers, letters, corporation enrollments and gifts, even buttons for those who contribute, all combine to complete the likeness. In the big cities, huge gifts from generous individuals have started the ball rolling, just as they did in the great war drives. The same psychology used in the war is being whipped up for the present purpose, and without doubt the desired quotas will be reached in almost all instances and the drives called a success. Certainly the Outlook fervently hopes so.

Yet the question persists: Is it going to be enough for the winter ahead? Despite the ballyhoo, is America yet really awake to the reality of the situation? The New York City Committee, for instance, reports that $600 will provide twenty weeks' work for two men; meaning fifteen dollars a week or five dollars a day for three days' work. The $12,000,000 of the New York City fund will thus provide twenty weeks' work for 40,000 men, or a year's work for slightly over 15,000 men. Yet the number of unemployed in that city is over 750,000, and of this number over 150,000 are already reported in dire need, with thousands of the jobless storming the relief agencies. No wonder that, as we write, Mr. Gibson, who heads the drive, is already saying that $12,000,000 will not be enough and $18,000,000 will be needed. But is even $18,000,000 going to be enough? Is any amount provided purely by private charity, by volunteer appeals to the generous, going to meet such an emergency? Granted that $18,000,000 instead of $12,000,000 can be raised in that particular city, granted that a large proportion of the $20,000,000 appropriated by the State of New York can be used in New York City—is this going to be enough in this one instance? Obviously not. Nor, when the problem of all the local communities of the nation is viewed in this manner, does there seem ground for believing that the volunteer drive being staged will begin to take care of the eventual emergency which faces us. To provide twenty weeks' work for even 4,000,000 unemployed men will take well over a billion dollars. To provide a year's work for the same four million would take over three billion dollars. No wonder Senator Norris calls for a three-billion dollar federal road program to meet the emergency which will certainly face us when charity has come to the end of its rope.

Call it what you like, then, the necessity for feeding the starving is going to face us once more as soon as the funds raised by the present relief drives are exhausted. When that time comes let us face the fact that government, state and federal, will have to feed the starving and that in all probability the federal government will be called upon to do the lion's share of the work. Nor is it improbable that the method of relief adopted will finally have to be called the dole. Well, suppose it is. We recall the words of Senator Wagner in his Labor Day address at Syracuse: "We are told to avoid the dole. If by the dole is meant the giving of something for nothing, then it has no more implacable foe than myself. I am in favor of giving the man out of work the chance to earn his living, not to beg it. But I am weary of the pretense which shouts opposition to the dole and in actual practice fails to make adequate provision for jobs and would limit its efforts during the coming winter to the stimulation of local and private doles." One thing is fortunate. By the time Congress meets complete facts and figures for the present drive will be available.

The Editors.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT IS a political axiom that a public official, whether he be an alderman or a president, can stand any sort of attack except ridicule. He can survive savage criticism, solemn sorties by reformers and partisan sniping—but ridicule is a wicked weapon for a politician to have to face.

These thoughts are timely at the moment in view of the Hoover Administration's weakness for letting itself become the object of laughter even among its friends. The President's own companions, we hear, have been unable to restrain a chuckle at some of the things he has done of late, or permitted his subordinates to do for him. From the hinterland come reports that Washington officialdom is being discussed most irreverently and jestingly in those unrepeatable stories which men swap in the Pullman, in their clubs, in hotel lobbies. Taken together with the severe rebuke Mr. Hoover suffered in the recent off-elections, especially in New Jersey, Michigan, Kentucky and New England, it is a dangerous augury.

The Dino Grandi visit, for instance, has furnished Mr. Hoover and his unmerry men an excellent opportunity to show their ineptitude. The transatlantic tour of Mussolini's Foreign Minister, like the coming of M. Laval, was arranged for by the well-meaning Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, during the latter's mad dash through Europe. Flattered by the attention paid to him, Mr. Stimson sought an opportunity to repay it, and, we imagine, to bring the heads of governments into closer accord than their peoples seem to be. The impressionable Mr. Hoover acquiesced—he could do little else—and thus we have Europe's head men commuting back and forth to Washington. An excellent idea, perhaps, but Mr. Stimson has since done his best to transform it all into *opera-bouffe*, if not into disaster.

In order to do things right, Mr. Stimson sent Warren Delano Robbins, protocol officer, to New York City several weeks ago to request that "Jimmie" Walker turn out the guard and the ticker tape for the trio of distinguished visitors —Messrs. Laval, Petain and Grandi. The good-natured mayor, mindful of French and Italian constituents, and having received some sort of decoration from Il Duce, not to mention rare wines from the French, agreed to strut his stuff. Then came threats of an anti-Fascist demonstration against the young Foreign Minister, a state of hysteria at the excitable Italian Embassy and suggestions that Mr. Stimson rescue Dino from Il Duce's enemies in this country. Grandi, it seems, is the special object of hate of anti-Fascisti in this country because some years ago he played an important rôle in organizing the Fascist League of North America that was eventually broken up at the request of none other than Secretary Stimson himself. So the State Department, without informing "Jimmie" of the change in program, decided to spirit Grandi through New York, keep him in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia as long as possible, and hustle him back to Italy without a New York appearance.

MAYOR WALKER, however, saw no reason why he should shoulder the blame for disappointing New York Italians who were preparing to greet or gang Il Duce's representative. So he proceeded with his plans for a Broadway parade and City Hall reception, taking no notice of the Administration's horrified shrieks, and the "My God" of Mr. Robbins. Meanwhile, Messrs. Stimson and Castle were vainly trying to explain that a formal welcome to Grandi had never been contemplated. He was not a Premier or Prime Minister, but simply a Foreign Minister, and therefore, it was explained, he did not rank a real party. When it was recalled that metropolitan hospitality knew no such fine distinctions, and had opened its arms to such lesser lights as admirals, generals, channel swimmers, tennis players, prizefighters and Fascist aviators, it was pointed out that this might be so, but that Grandi was not a well-known or commanding personality. He really wasn't worth a municipal greeting, explained the diplomatic Mr. Castle with a wan smile. And thus Mr. Stimson's romance in personal diplomacy crumbled, to the chuckles of diplomats, dowagers and Democrats.

Since Mr. Hoover would like to forget the Navy League incident, perhaps we should. But we find this to be another of those incidents, perhaps the juiciest of all, revealing that a sense of humor, which, after all, is no more than a sense of proportion, is a great asset to men in high station. Nobody, not even Mr. Hoover, I imagine, understands how he could have let himself in for such a bombardment of ridicule as he has had to take. Even the members of the Presidential commission had to smile, with the possible exception of the smug and serious Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Castle, for instance, laughed out loud when newspaper correspondents asked him if he felt that, as a friend of the President and sub-member of the Cabinet, he could "conscientiously" serve on a body named by the President to decide whether the President suffered from "abysmal ignorance," "a faltering mind" and "congenital pacifism." When Mr. Castle replied that he could so serve, he was asked to explain whether it would be as an "investigator" or a "friend of the President." He was, indeed, subjected to a severe but humorous drubbing, and he tried to take it with a smile. Good old Admiral Hugh Rodman, however, was the most delightful of this "impartial body." He condemned the President's naval critics before the commission had organized, likened the proceedings to a "court-martial" and left no doubt that the investigators would follow the President's "instructions."

NO OTHER episode in Mr. Hoover's presidential record found loyal Republican editors so willing and ready to laugh at him. Even before the commission was named, the correspondents were writing, and getting printed, stories in which they predicted "victory for the President," "complete vindication" and "another Hoover triumph." Cartoonists pictured the courtroom, jury box, prosecutor's office and even the defendant's chair as "packed for the President." Supposedly unbiased press associations permitted tart phrases to creep into their despatches, and their traditional obeisance to the White House was forgotten. In short, the Capital took to the incident as to a vaudeville act, and so, it seems, did the country.

Not so Mr. Hoover. Through it all he was solemn, ponderous, righteous and deeply resentful. Were it not for his distressed state, which showed itself in his face and general attitude, everybody would have concluded that he was having a little fun with his critics and the country. It was, until the commission trotted to the White House with its 12,000-word exoneration, the impression of a few of us that Mr. Hoover had, at last, developed a sense of humor, and was perpetrating a joke to relieve his days of ennui. So far, however, the joke seems to have been on nobody but the Administration.

A. F. C.

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Prince Pat

A Portrait of the Secretary of War

By HAROLD BRAYMAN

International

SUAVE AND SHINING

IT SEEMS incredible that the suave and shining figure of Patrick Jay Hurley was begrimed for three years with the dust of a coal mine. Yet that is only one of the paradoxes in a paradoxical career that is unsurpassed in the strange, turbulent, astonishing politics of his native Oklahoma. This handsome, polished individual—a veritable Prince Pat—who is now much sought in Washington's best social circles, was once the daily driver of a mule named "Kicking Pete"; his first social triumphs were with the cowboys on the plains; he developed a Midas-touch and made $5,000,000; and before he had been actively in politics for two years he was Secretary of War.

The persistence with which luck has ridden with him since his later youth has created such a legend of his destiny in Oklahoma that if he should achieve his immediate ambition of the vice-presidency I doubt that the President would be able to obtain ten cents worth of accident insurance from any firm in that state.

Hurley's real entry into politics was in the spring of 1928, although he had opportune chances before. He declined an offer of the nomination by the Republicans of Oklahoma for governor. He refused an offer of the nomination for the Senate vacancy filled by W. B. Pine. But he was playing a bigger game than being one in that line of governors of Oklahoma which includes Alfalfa Bill Murray, Jack Walton, Henry S. Johnston and J. B. A. Robertson, or than taking a seat on the end of the back row in the United States Senate.

His plans were apparently well thought out and carefully laid. As early as 1925 he had told a newspaperman with whom he was intimate that Herbert Hoover would be the next President. His chance came when an Oklahoma Congressman named John S. McGuire made a bitter attack upon the Secretary of Commerce in a published statement. The pre-convention campaign was in full swing and it was regarded as a certainty that the Oklahoma delegation would be for that proud kinsman of the Indians, Charles Curtis.

Hurley spent all day Sunday in his dressing gown writing a response to McGuire and championing the Hoover cause in a state where it looked hopeless. Then he started on a barnstorming political campaign about the state. He circused it in a manner that would have done credit to Barnum—or Huey Long. He used his own airplane—it is not just since he has become Secretary of War that he flies—and went from town to town all over the state, zooming over the main streets and landing in any nearby pasture. When the crowd arrived he delivered one of the spellbinding addresses for which he is famous. He paid his own expenses and financed the entire Hoover battle in Oklahoma. When the showdown came at Kansas City half the Oklahoma delegation turned up for Hoover.

The watchful eyes of the Hoover campaign managers saw in Hurley a useful citizen. They took him into the inner strategic councils and when the time came to persuade Senator Curtis to take the vice-presidential nomination to give the appearance of patching up the differences between Hoover and the agrarian unrest they picked Hurley to do the negotiating. The task was regarded as somewhat delicate because among all the Westerners there was none who had said more harsh words of Hoover than Curtis. The young Oklahoman proceeded cautiously, but at the first suggestion it is reputed that Mr. Curtis jumped at the offer like a Great Dane for a scrap of meat. Whether this report is authentic or not, the Republican chieftains saw in Hurley a valuable political diplomat. Twice he had caught the eye of the Father of all Good. During the election campaign he was very active and promised the Republican managers that Oklahoma would go for Hoover by 175,000. It did—with 1,000 extra.

SURELY such a man would make a valuable public servant. Accordingly, after President Hoover took office, Hurley was told that he would be recommended for his choice of three offices, member of the Shipping Board, Assistant Secretary of Commerce or Assistant Secretary of War. He was not interested in the first two, but he said he would get down on his hands and knees to obtain the third office. It can always be said of the generosity of Mr. Hoover in rewarding public service that Hurley didn't have to crawl.

Close under the eye of President Hoover and the late James W. Good, Hurley's native ability, with which he is plentifully endowed, brought about his appointment as Secretary of War when Secretary Good died. He has grown in the confidence of the President and is now very close to Mr. Hoover, much more so than some other members of the Cabinet. He also has the confidence and friendship of the Army which appreciates his breezy Southwestern manner, his approachableness and receptivity to suggestions, the last two being strange, new ideas in the War Department.

Hurley's conduct of the War Department in relation to the Executive has been such that he has fitted in the Biblical classification for whose members all things work together for good. At any rate, when the Hoover economy ax hit the government departments, the brunt of its blow upon the defense establishment fell upon the Navy. The hard-boiled generals who run the Army heard the wails of the admirals which reverberated to the front pages, and they felt that Pat Hurley had done wonders.

There are other reasons why there should be affinity between the Army and Hurley. All his life he has had the military urge. When the Spanish War started he left the *Lazy S* ranch where he was then working as a cowboy and went down to Fort Sam Houston to join the Rough Riders. He was accepted until the secret that he was only 16 leaked out, and then the recruiting officers sent him back home. Four years later he became a captain in the Indian Territory volunteer militia and later a captain in the Oklahoma National Guard. He fought successfully a campaign against an Indian chief named Crazy Snake.

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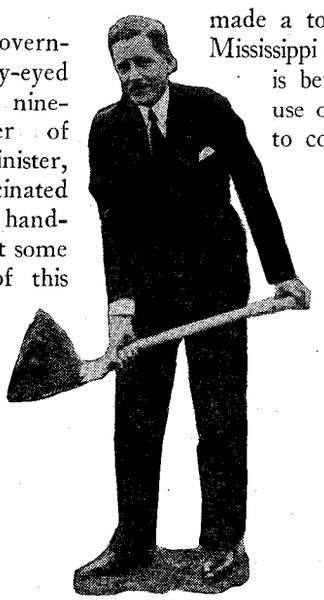
When the United States entered the World War Hurley spurned a desk at Washington and was off to France. He participated in the Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne and St. Mihiel offensives. Soon he was a lieutenant-colonel and won a silver star citation "for gallantry in action in voluntarily making a reconnaissance under heavy enemy fire" on the last day of the war, November 11, 1918. Later he received the Distinguished Service Medal, the citation for which reads as follows:

Assigned as judge advocate, Army Artillery, 1st Army, he rendered services of marked ability, performing in addition to his manifold duties, the duties of adjutant and of inspector general. Later as judge advocate of the 6th Army Corps he ably conducted the negotiations arising between the American Expeditionary Forces and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, wherein he displayed sound judgment, marked zeal and keen perception of existing conditions. He has rendered services of material worth to the American Expeditionary Forces.

The exact nature of this sound judgment, marked zeal and keen perception is a significant sidelight on Hurley's character and methods. In the occupation of German territory after the armistice it was necessary for American troops to cross the territory of Luxemburg, a neutral country. Under international law this territory was inviolable and to Hurley as judge advocate of the offending Army corps was given the task of making the necessary arrangements with the government.

He found that the government consisted of a starry-eyed Grand Duchess, aged nineteen—and a minister of foreign affairs. The minister, he soon learned, was fascinated by American slang. The handsome young officer spent some time in gratification of this curiosity and in diligent diplomatic discussions with the Grand Duchess, which included horsemanship and dancing as well as international law, because Colonel Hurley was invited to breakfast and a horseback ride one morning and at another time danced with her at a state ball. By this "marked zeal" he obtained an eminently fair agreement which legalized the invasion and provided for generous payment for the privilege.



Keystone

BUILDER

The Secretary of War has vast works under his direction—Rivers and Harbors and many others

Not in this generation has the War Department been headed by a man with a military record comparable to this, or who had the definite contacts with and understanding of the Army that Hurley has. As Assistant Secretary and Secretary he has been a mixer and has visited practically every important Army post in the country. The duties of a Secretary of War, however, are wider than mere command of the Army. The Rivers and Harbors work of the Government, the control of the Panama Canal Zone and the Philippine Islands are all under the War Department. In directing all this work Hurley has travelled widely. He made a tour a year ago of the whole Mississippi area where flood control work is being carried on. His frequent use of army airplanes enables him to cover much territory. In each town he manages to slip in a verbal handclap for Herbert Hoover, a courtesy which he never forgets. For example, in Seattle recently he delivered himself of a very clever defense of the President—for faraway Seattle.

"A deliberate campaign has been instituted," he said, "to malign the character of the President with dirty, mean little insinuations. It's got so bad that he can't even snap his fingers at his dog without somebody saying he didn't do it right. If he'd come right out and brand one or two of the propagandists as liars he'd put a stop to it. But he goes his own patient way and remains ever the gentleman."

Any informed person in Washington knows that Mr. Hurley's conception of patience must be a very liberal one.

Keystone

THEY MET AT A HORSE SHOW

Mrs. Hurley is the daughter of Admiral Wilson, and she is one of the pillars of Hurley's social prestige in Washington

This summer he had planned to take a vacation and travel abroad for a bit, perhaps catch the horse show at Dublin, but his plans were interrupted when President Hoover hurried him off to the torrid Philippines to report on the independence movement. The sentiment in Congress for Philippine independence has been growing rapidly. Secretary Hurley left this country knowing that this was no manifestation of political altruism. He recognized the shift in sentiment in the beet and cane sugar industries when they began to realize during the tariff fight that importations of Philippine cane sugar were depressing their industry. The huge Cuban sugar industry, in which there is a large financial interest in the United States, joined the movement. Farmers from the West complained of competition by Philippine cocoanut oil and other products. Congress began to show signs of readiness to toss the Philippines outside the United States tariff wall by granting them independence.

Spurred by these signs, either with or without knowledge of their basic causes, there was a sharp recrudescence of the revolutionary fervor in the islands. The President sent Secretary Hurley out there to find out whether the clamor for freedom was honest and sincere or whether it was just the artificial outgrowth of the interests of agricultural groups in this country.

With the exception of Secretary and Mrs. Stimson, the Hurleys are the most social members of the Cabinet family. They entertain frequently and well in their big house in Washington, which is comparable to their home in Tulsa under

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elm trees overlooking the muddy Arkansas river. When they gave their first dinner to the President they brought up numerous guests from Oklahoma. Mrs. Hurley was Miss Ruth Wilson, blonde and statuesque. Hurley met her at a horse show in New York just before the United States entered the war. It was a comparatively short time afterward that he proposed and was told to ask her father. Hurley was a young lawyer with not much in the world except prospects. Her father was Admiral Henry B. Wilson, then commander of the Atlantic Fleet. His flagship lay in the Hudson and just before Hurley sailed for France he was taken on board the vessel with some ceremony to make his request. The marriage took place in 1919, immediately after his release from the Army.

Hurley has always worn his clothes well, even when his wardrobe consisted only of a shirt and a pair of overalls. With his close-cropped mustache, square jaw, fine profile, erect figure, he looks now at 48 as though he had come straight from West Point. He was not the kind of boy who gets an appointment there, however, and his education was as self-attained as everything else about him. His father, Pierce Hurley, was a poor Irish immigrant who married Mary Kelly in Texas, had several children, among them Pat, born 1883, and then fell off a horse and was crippled for life. The family lived in a three-room "company house" at Lehigh, a coal mining village in the Choctaw Nation in southeastern Oklahoma. The burden of keeping the family in food and clothing fell upon Mary Hurley after the accident. Hard work and worry may have contributed to her early death. She left six children, three boys and three girls. One of the boys was killed in a railroad accident. Another went to Mexico. Two of the girls took the veil. The third is Mrs. Clifton Mackey of El Paso.

Mary Hurley's death came when Pat was eleven and he went to work for seventy-five cents a day tending a trap door at Shaft 6 of the Atoka Coal and Mining Company. Another famous character also worked at the same mine—an unusually obstreperous mule with so malevolent a disposition and heels so quick that he had been named by the miners "Kicking Pete." Hurley's first contact with this mule was unexpected and from the rear, but the results were not serious and soon after he was promoted to driving the animal in pulling cars out of the mine. The mule responded to sense and kindness and eventually became a gentle and tractable creature, it is related.

Wide World

FRIEND OF HOOVER

Hurley is constantly defending the President, and he has been mentioned as a vice-presidential possibility if Curtis withdraws in 1932

The story is told how years later a political opponent remarked sarcastically that he would concede that Hurley could drive a mule and he could not. Hurley responded bitingly that anybody could drive a mule, that the only indispensable requirement was a shade more sense than the mule, and that he admired his friend and didn't think he should be discouraged.

At 14 Hurley quit the mine for the outdoors, cowpunching at the *Lazy S* ranch, and about this time his education began, although it is a little obscure just when he first learned to read. A Scotsman named Tom Golightly came to Lehigh and opened a night school. Hurley enrolled. About the same time Father Ketchum, a Roman Catholic missionary who had some Onondaga Indian blood, established a mission among the Choctaws and took an interest in Hurley. He stayed for four years and afterward went to Washington where as Monsignor Ketchum he was made director of the Catholic Indian Mission bureau. Golightly is the one who gave Hurley his real start, however, toward an education.

Two or three years later Baptist Indian University, now Bacone College, was established at Muskogee. The young cowboy, encouraged by Golightly, Father Ketchum and others, entered. He paid his way through by driving a delivery wagon for a Muskogee grocer, taking care of horses and similar tasks. The academic standards of this college at that time are indicated by the fact that in his second year he became an instructor in American history and later, before graduation, a professor of the same subject.

From Indian University he went to Washington, where he studied law at National University and later at George Washington. During this time he lived with Father Ketchum. Despite his ancestry and close association with Father Ketchum, Hurley is not a Catholic. He has said that if his mother had lived he probably would have been.

He was 25 years old when he went to Tulsa in 1908 and opened a law office. From the start he was a successful lawyer. Soon his old friend, Victor Locke, was appointed Chief of the Choctaw Nation and he recommended Hurley for appointment as attorney for the Choctaws. He acted in that capacity from 1912 until he resigned in 1917 to enter the war. He handled $35,000,000 in claims with adeptness. During a great deal of this time he lived in Washington and much of his practice was before the United States Supreme Court.

That was the appointment that gave him the legal prestige and the financial foundation on which to build a fortune. After the war he reopened his law office in Tulsa. As receiver for the Gilliland Oil Company he managed so well that

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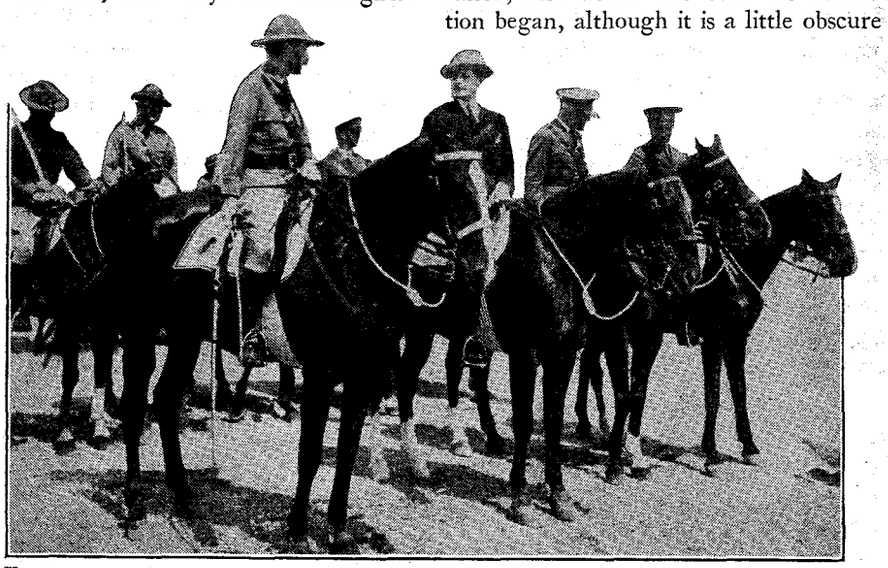

Keystone

PRINCE PAT—WITH HIS TROOPS

As a lieutenant-colonel Secretary Hurley distinguished himself in the war. Here he is reviewing cavalry on the Mexican border

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Why America Is Hungry

By STELLA CROSSLEY WARD

QUITE aside from the depression, Americans, especially the voluble ones, appear clamorously hungry these days. Here is a well-known dramatic critic, taking time off from excoriating pusillanimous plays to inveigh and curse at the sloppy, sugary concoctions served up to him in the name of food in Tea Shoppes and drug stores. He really yearns to wrap himself around a good thick steak and some old-fashioned fried onions.

Here is another gentleman, a novelist, writing pages upon pages of longing for the good old pre-prohibition days when liquor was liquor and food was food. Here is some one else writing rather convincingly on the theme that it would pay to pull up stakes, if possible, and go to live permanently in France because of the superior food there. Here is another, a woman this time, who rises to say that though foreign cooking may be superior in many ways, we have a few excellent national dishes to boast of—coffee, for instance, and corn on the cob.

Here is a convention of governors held not long ago whereat the assembled gentlemen, as often happens in a conclave of Guiders of the Nation's Destiny, became discouraged and hazy about the business in hand, and took up the matter of how to get corn bread without sugar. This discussion was started by a governor of one of our Southern states, who arose with trembling voice and tears in his eyes and demanded to know what might be the state of sanity of those north of the Mason and Dixon Line who continued to suffer the outrage to which he, in his Northern hotel, had been subjected for the past week—namely, corn bread made with sugar!

Questions of the depression, the dole, national defense, national parks, farm relief, water power, the tariff, the honor of women, and the probable number of speakeasies in their home states were tabled. Governors who had been almost asleep and governors who had been reaching for their hats awoke to the fact that here was a vital matter that really needed discussion, a measure they wanted and were able to speak upon.

Different parts of the country were heard from. What had happened to the old-fashioned biscuit-dough strawberry shortcake, to old-fashioned buckwheat cakes served with smoked sausage, to fried mush that had previously been boiled eight hours, to fresh, stuffed spare-ribs, to chicken pot-pie, to real apple dumplings, and to properly baked beans? Why were you unable to get at any price, in any public eating place, the other good, honest dishes of your childhood that your appetite craved?

This discussion ended, as had the previous ones of the convention, without anything being done about the problem. But reading about the discussion itself must have set a good many women, as it did me, to thinking. Needless to say, none of my sex was represented at the convention, or we might have spoken pertinently to the question straight from the floor, and pointed a way out to the hungry men present. The dramatic critic harshly insists that we women are to blame for this national dearth of good food. He says that only about one in a hundred of us is interested in good food or has any ability as a cook. He says we cook rather by the colors that appeal to the eye than by our palates, as God intended.

Here I rise to protest. We American women *can* cook! Enough of us are potential good cooks to furnish plenty of good food for all our 110,000,000 inhabitants! Just give us a chance!

There is no denying there is a great dearth of good cooking, at least in public places, in this our land of plenty. One may start touring by automobile or train through New England, the South, the East, the West or Middle West, and though there may be different kinds of cooking in different localities, it is still all bad, uninteresting food that is generally proffered the wayfarer; and the resulting stomach-aches and states of mental depression are likely to be indistinguishable. I am talking about public eating places.

THE price one is willing to pay for a meal has little or nothing to do with it. Some of the worst cooking is to be found in the exclusive places that charge enough for one meal to make a down payment on a second-hand Ford. There is probably a reason for this. When the cover charge alone is several dollars and the chef receives a fabulous salary, there is a feeling that startling and wonderful things must be done to the food so that the patron will feel he is getting his money's worth. So intricate and amazing sauces are poured on what otherwise might have been a good, honest piece

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of beef roast or of succulent fish.

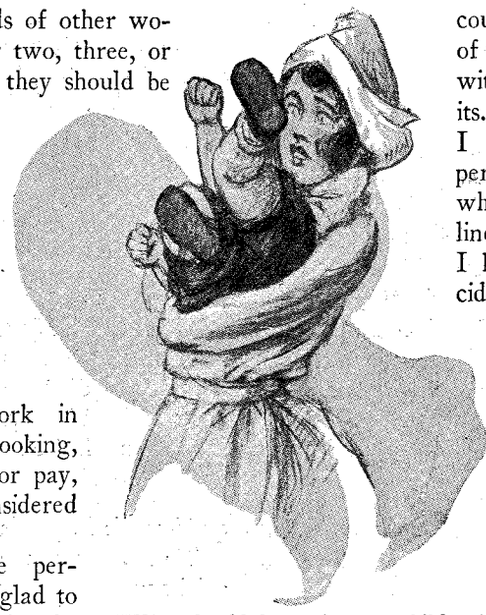
One of the secrets of good cooking is that the natural flavors of the food should be tampered with as little as possible. Here, as in many other departments of life, simplicity is a virtue greatly to be desired. But in your high-priced restaurant disguising and making a thing taste as it was never intended to taste is one of the busiest things they do. No, it is not the price of a meal that counts.

My solution of the governors' problem is so simple and adequate that it will probably go unnoticed. The only thing that stands in the way is a lot of false pride, chiefly masculine. It is this:

There are an amazing number of good cooks in this country who are not working as cooks at all, or only on a fractional, part-time basis. If these cooks could be released and set to work on a full-time basis, doing the work they love to do, the amount of good cooking in the country would increase amazingly, and the horrendous total of national indigestion and mental depression would decrease to an unheard of degree.

I venture to predict that the change would even appreciably affect for the good a number of our national problems, among them the tone of our literary output. For so much of our startling and bizarre literature, especially the sexy, the confessional, the psychoanalytic and the thinly disguised autobiographic kind convince me that the persons who write it and read it suffer from some serious form of indigestion. They seem to be dosing up their literary stuff with strong sauces in order to hide the real taste, the way they, doubtless, along with many other national diners, barbarously pour huge quantities of ketchup or sauce on an indifferent and flavorless piece of meat. They want to get some kind of kick out of their literature as well as their food, but they seem not to know how.

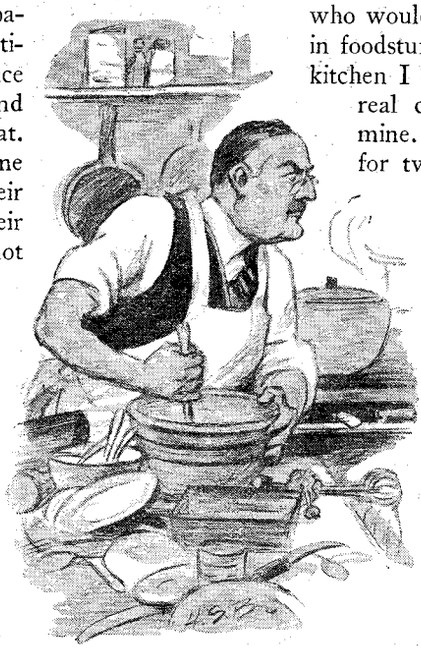
All over the country there are native good cooks—and good cooks are born and not made—who are teaching school, taking dictation, teaching music, acting as librarians, or adding up bridge scores, who would be ten times happier and more useful if they spent their working hours cooking instead. Then there are thousands of other women who cook for two, three, or five persons when they should be cooking for ten or twenty-five. And it is false pride, chiefly masculine, that keeps these women teaching school or taking dictation indifferently, when they might be doing truly creative work in the kitchen. For cooking, when it is done for pay, is falsely considered menial.



"Why should buttoning up children's panties and tucking them into bed be considered the proper work for a university graduate, and cooking for them menial?"

Men who are perfectly willing and glad to have their wives or daughters or sisters earn money by any of the score of genteel occupations would hold up their hands in horror at the thought of their going out as paid cooks. They may be proud of their women folks' cooking when guests praise it, and never want to eat in a restaurant because the food at home is so infinitely better, but they want to keep this feminine talent wrapped in the family napkin. To the average man the suggestion that his wife or sister might be profitably engaged in another man's kitchen or in a public kitchen would be on a par with suggesting the unpleasant horror of the nationalization of women—something indecent.

I, myself, am a good example of this kind of misfit worker. I am a good cook, who would be happy in working in foodstuffs all day long. In the kitchen I can exercise the bit of real creative genius that is mine. Instead of that, I cook for two and a half persons, my husband, small daughter and myself. I spend the rest of my time doing a bit of indifferent school teaching or writing pieces that editors only occasionally smile upon. If it were not for my husband's false pride I should answer an advertisement in the paper: "Good Cook Wanted," get the job some rich man can afford to pay well for, and in a short time have him so enslaved by my cooking that I could dictate my hours of work and my salary within reasonable limits. This is not conceit. I know through experience and success what I can do in the line of cooking, just as I know what my decided limitations are in the field of teaching or writing.



"I know a busy executive, not at all effeminate, who spends a good share of his leisure hours fussing about in his kitchen"

But teaching and writing are considered ladylike, genteel (how I hate the word!) work for women, and therefore I, like thousands of other women, am deprived of happily exercising my real talents. I work for several hours a day in a nursery school, teaching reading and the like. We serve a very careful, scientific luncheon to about forty small children. A good cook, a lady of color, prepares it. But every once in a while Martha calls up early in the day to say that she is sick and won't be able to come. This constitutes an emergency, for a relief cook, obtained from an employment agency, might not cook safely and properly for small stomachs. So I offer to take Martha's place.

Those are the days on which I really enjoy school. To prepare perfectly a good, appetizing meal for forty children is to me a much more satisfying feat than getting First Graders safely past that part of the primer where it reads: "The rabbit ran out of the woods." But if one of the parents happens to see me with an apron on instead of a primer in hand, the school makes apology for me, as though I had somehow been shamed, instead of being really in my element, as they did not guess. I once timidly suggested that I should like to have the job of school cook, and named a modest wage. But after looking shocked and puzzled, the school heads decided I must be joking, for why should one who is presumed to be a lady want to do "menial work"?

I may be lacking in proper, instinctive pride, but I cannot see why any necessary, important work should be considered menial. For instance, in our school, why should buttoning up children's panties and tucking them into bed be considered the proper work for a university graduate, and cooking for them menial? It is no mere accident that in

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T. R. and the Big Stick

Tenth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

"Speak softly and carry a big stick," was one tenet of Roosevelt's philosophy of action, as told in this installment. He was firm with Germany in the Venezuelan episode, and not literally diplomatic with Great Britain in the Alaska Boundary dispute, but he had his way. Next week the highly controversial historical episode of the creation of the Panama Republic will be narrated

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KAISER WILHELM

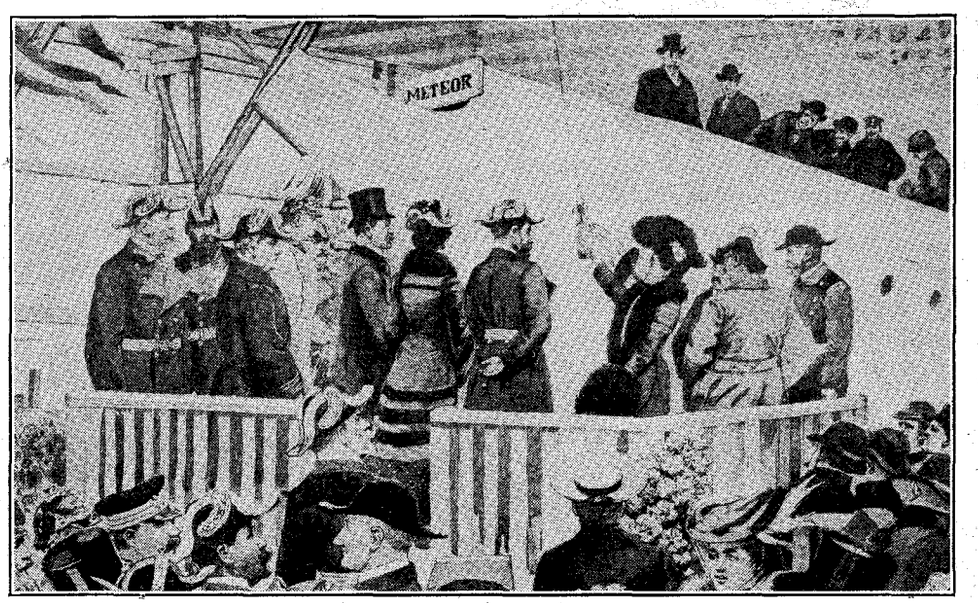
During the Venezuela controversy T. R. shook his "Big Stick" at the German Emperor

In 1896 Roosevelt praised the manner in which President Cleveland had been handling the dispute with Great Britain on the Venezuela boundary. "Primarily," he wrote, "our action is based on national self-interest. In other words it is patriotic." This being so, Roosevelt continued, "the limited number of persons" who would substitute "a kind of milk-and-water cosmopolitanism" for patriotic righteousness were "never men of robust character or of imposing personality, and the plea itself is not worth considering."

He was police commissioner in New York City when these sentiments were expressed. Extraordinary changes altered the map of the world during the five years which passed before he became President. The ardent advocate of imperialism, Roosevelt faced problems and dangers resulting from it. The United States had become a world power. Subjugation of the Philippine Islands, limited independence for Cuba, a canal across the Isthmus of Panama or at Nicaragua, and naval coaling stations in the Pacific were among the projects which had to be consummated. There were others, as Roosevelt was to discover during the seven and one-half years of his reign. The balance of power in the Far East would cause many a troubled moment. An orderly government had to be formulated and imposed forthright on the quasi-comic Republic of Santo Domingo.

To Roosevelt, the conduct of foreign affairs was essentially simple. The phrase first conceived to describe his attitude toward the New York Republican machine—"Speak softly and carry a big stick, you will go far"—became his slogan in dealing with the governments of Europe and South America. Right was right, and the United States defined and enforced the rules of the international game. Arbitration of disputes was laudable except when America was a party to the issue. Peace was secondary to honor and America defined honor. The Monroe Doctrine was the cornerstone of American diplomacy or belligerency; and before President Roosevelt had concluded his interpretations it had been changed almost beyond recognition. The Roosevelt of 1901 to 1909 had greater wisdom and more discretion than the Roosevelt who had, in 1896, pronounced his theories on patriotism. Fundamentally he had abandoned none of them.

There is delicious irony in the fact that this was the man who received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1906, and greater irony in the added fact that he deserved the award for his skill and energy in ending the Russo-Japanese War. The countries of Europe, during Roosevelt's presidency, were far too concerned with the balance of power in the Balkans, in the Far East and on the continent itself to have any stomach for war with the United States. It is idle to say that Roosevelt might have become involved in a long and costly struggle had circumstances been different. Had they been different, he might have been more conciliatory. On the one occasion when he believed war with a major power possible, with Japan between 1906 and 1908, he made valiant efforts to prevent it.



ALICE ROOSEVELT CHRISTENS THE KAISER'S YACHT

The future Mrs. Nicholas Longworth in the act of sponsoring the "Meteor," which was built in an American shipyard

The innate provincialism of Roosevelt's early attitude toward Great Britain and Germany reflected the opinion of his day. Toward the former, as he became President, the hostility was growing less virulent. A story which circulated through Washington in 1902, however, indicates that it was

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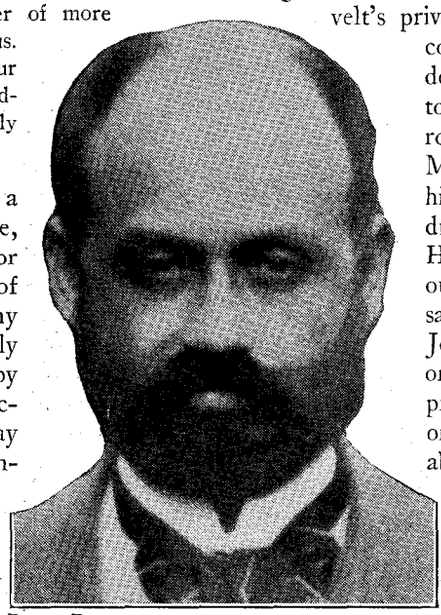
not yet safe for the man in public life to advocate a vigorous handclasp across the sea. One day the President, accompanied by Secretary of War Root, inspected the alterations under way at the White House. They paused in front of a marble mantelpiece on which lions were being chiseled. ". . . . Some of our old friends might put a wrong interpretation on the decoration," said Roosevelt, in pretended dismay. Mr. Root looked at the lions critically.

"Well," he said slowly, "we might give them a more subdued expression and then tie a knot in each of their tails. I am sure that arrangement would be satisfactory to most patriotic Americans."

Roosevelt, despite his friendship with Spring-Rice, assured himself that he had no illusions about England. "On the whole," he remarked to Lodge in 1901, "I am friendly to England . . . . [but] . . . . I do not at all believe in being over-effusive or forgetting that fundamentally we are two different nations." A few months earlier he had considered "a combination between Germany and England against the United States" as a possibility to be guarded against. In December, 1904, he wrote:

> . . . . The average Englishman is not a being whom I find congenial or with whom I care to associate. I wish him well, but I wish him well at a good distance from me. . . . . England has been friendly with us since we have grown so strong as to make her friendship a matter of more moment to her than to us. If we quit building our fleet, England's friendship would immediately cool. . . .

England was a source of annoyance, because of her real or imagined attitude of superiority. Germany was considered actually dangerous, not only by Roosevelt but by Secretary of State Hay and by Americans generally. She had been the one important neutral to exhibit overt hostility during the Spanish War, although the facts regarding the Manila Bay incident were probably exaggerated. The seizure of Kiau-chau had been another source of alarm. In April, 1901, Hay had instructed the American Chargé at Berlin to investigate reports that the German government contemplated the annexation, contrary to the Monroe Doctrine, of Margarita Island off the Venezuelan coast. Henry White, at the American embassy in London, was convinced that Germany had blocked the sale by Denmark of the Virgin Islands to the United States in 1902, and had designs of her own upon them.



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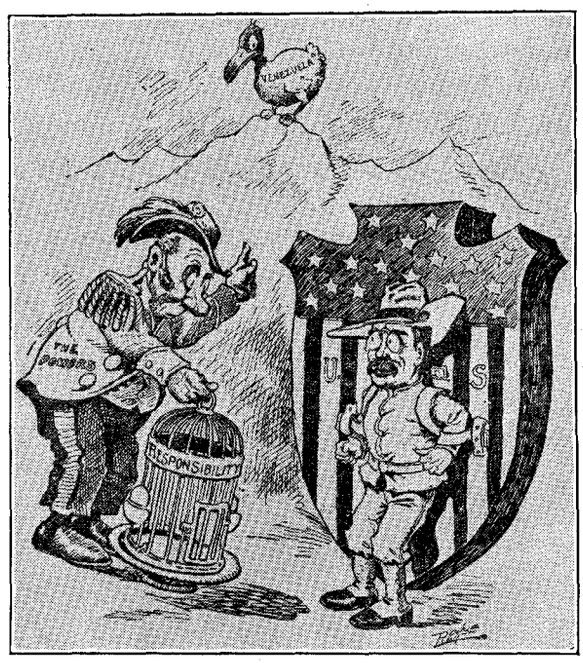
CIPRIANO CASTRO

The President of Venezuela, who, according to T. R., was an "unspeakably villainous little monkey"

The Kaiser appears to have been aware that the reputation of his country was in danger, but his endeavors to pour oil on the troubled waters of German-American friendship were not signally successful. In November, 1901, he had caused a medal to be conferred upon the President of the United States, and this inspired John Hay to amused contempt. The gift, he wrote, was worth about thirty-five cents and was of dubious artistic merit. Two additional gestures, the visit of Prince Henry early in 1902 and an invitation to have Alice Roosevelt christen a yacht being built for the Emperor in an American shipyard, seem to have been similarly fruitless. The Prince was received with due ceremony, and the future Mrs. Longworth christened the yacht. Roosevelt's private letters, however, continued to reflect a decided irreverence toward the German royal family. Neither Mrs. Roosevelt nor himself "could be dragged to meet Prince Henry if it were not our official duty," he said. He appealed to John Hay, as arbiter on court etiquette and precedence, for advice on the state dinner about to be given to the Kaiser's brother:

> . . . . When we go into the . . . . dinner, how in the name of Heaven will we avoid hurting various Teuton susceptibilities? Will the Prince take Mrs. Roosevelt while I walk in solemn state by myself? How do we do it anyhow? I am quite clear that I ought not to walk in with my wife on one arm and the Prince somewhere alongside—but further than this I do not go. . . .



THE VENEZUELA AFFAIR

"Would you mind caging yonder bird for me?"

As for the Kaiser's yacht, Roosevelt told Hay that the suggestion had been made that Alice prepare a brief speech for the christening. Her father, however, had hesitated. ". . . . The only motto sufficiently epigrammatic that came to my mind," he said, "was 'Damn the Dutch'."

Against this background of distrust and suspicion must be viewed Roosevelt's handling of his first major problems in foreign affairs—the Venezuela debt friction, in which both Germany and England were involved, and the Alaska boundary dispute with Great Britain.

Cipriano Castro, an "unspeakably villainous little monkey" according to a subsequent characterization by Roosevelt, had achieved the presidency of Venezuela in 1899 by the traditional South American revolution. His rule, like the administrations of his predecessors, failed to bring an era of peace and prosperity. Large debts had been contracted for public works, and by 1901 the foreign concessionaires were asking their governments for assistance in collecting the bills. They had made repeated attempts to obtain payment, but had been blocked by a tendency on the part of Venezuelan officials to murmur, "*Si señor . . . . mañana.*" Nationals of Germany and England seem to have been abused the most, although claims against the Castro government had also been filed by business men in the United States, Italy, France, Belgium, Mexico, the Netherlands, Spain, Sweden and Norway.

Nothing in the Monroe Doctrine, as it was universally understood in 1901,

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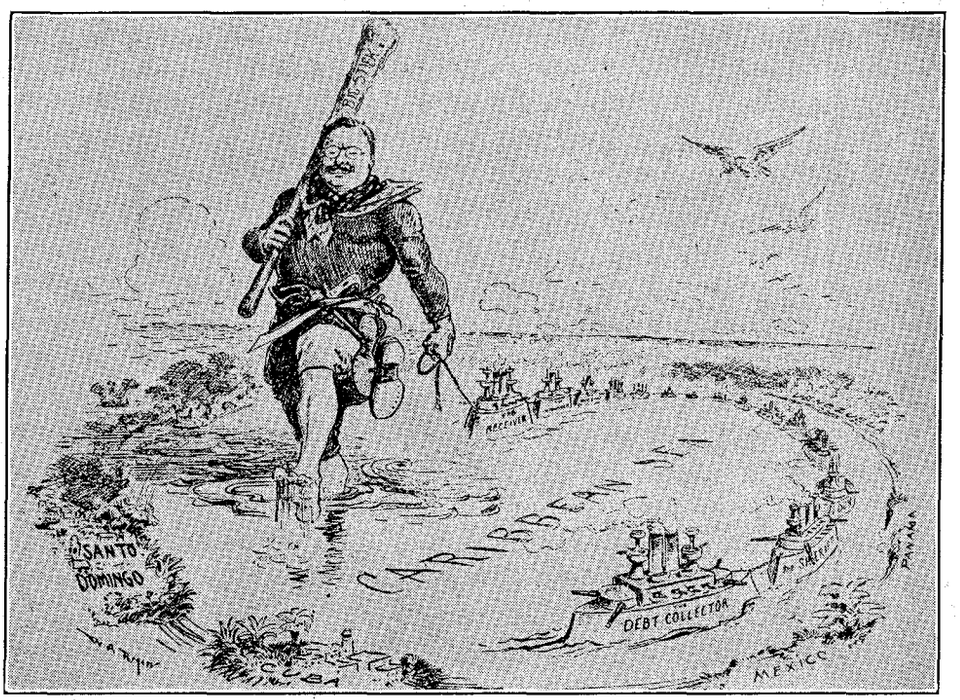
blocked the path of foreign nations to debt collection. "If any South American country misbehaves toward any European country," Vice-President Roosevelt wrote in July, "let the European country spank it." The chastisement, presumably, could include a blockade, the seizure of customs receipts to satisfy obligations, a bombardment of coast cities; in brief, any form of coercion or destruction. There was but one limitation. The United States could not permit a European country permanently to occupy new territory in Central or South America or in the Caribbean. The Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt explained in his first message to Congress, had "nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power . . . . we do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself . . . . provided [this] . . . . does not take the form of acquisition of territory . . . . "



THE BIG STICK IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA

Italy did not take an active part in the proceedings against Venezuela. In an attempt to arrive at a conclusion as to what really occurred during 1901 and 1902 it will be simpler to limit the narrative to the actions of Great Britain and Germany and to ignore, for the moment, Roosevelt's own inaccurate and prejudiced version. The patience of these two powers had been strained by midsummer in 1901. In July Germany offered to accept arbitration of her claims by The Hague tribunal, but the self-confident Castro rashly rejected the offer. In December Baron von Holleben, German ambassador to the United States, informed Secretary of State Hay that coercion against Venezuela might be undertaken. He specified that "the acquisition or permanent occupation of territory" would under no circumstances be considered by Germany. Mr. Hay quoted the President's message to Congress as indication that the United States had no objection to this program.

Great Britain, meanwhile, was nursing grievances which, she believed, were more serious than Germany's. In addition to owing money to her citizens, and refusing to pay, Venezuela had jeopardized British prestige by the seizure of ships flying the Union Jack. Her attitude changed later, but Germany was at first more inclined to conciliation than England. In January, 1902, Count von Bülow, the German Chancellor, asked the Kaiser whether coöperative action with Great Britain against Venezuela could be undertaken. Wilhelm replied that it would be wise to wait until after the visit of Prince Henry to the United States. An offensive, he felt, might further damage the standing of Germany in the United States. Thus it was that England stood by herself during the first half of 1902 in addressing several sharp notes to Castro.

By July of that year, twelve months having passed since Germany's suggestion for arbitration, joint irritation drew the two countries together. Count Metternich, German ambassador at London, informed Lord Lansdowne, the Foreign Secretary, that pressure upon Venezuela seemed to be the only solution. Would Great Britain consent to a blockade? On October 22, 1902, Lansdowne told Germany that England purposed to seize certain Venezuelan gunboats. A blockade, he added, might cause resentment on the part of "other powers"; by which he probably meant the United States. Ultimately, both methods of chastisement were used. Final ultimata were delivered on December 7, 1902. Four gunboats were captured by the allies and five ports were blockaded during the next four days. The approach of the German and English warships was enough to break Castro's spirit. When, on December 13, British guns bombarded Puerto Cabello because of a supposed insult to the flag, he scrambled to offer the arbitration he had once spurned.

What was Roosevelt doing while these belligerent gestures were being carried out? Officially, he was doing little. Privately, through Speck von Sternberg, and probably through his conversations with Holleben, he was expressing emphatic disapproval. If the formal diplomatic representations from Washington are examined without relation to the President's confidential negotiations, however, it would probably appear that his subsequent and final version of what occurred was romantic to the point of absurdity. On December 5, two days prior to the ultimata, the State Department expressed Roosevelt's hope of a peaceful settlement. Nothing came of this. On December 13 the State Department instructed its representatives at London and Berlin to transmit, "without comment," Castro's belated appeal for arbitration. On December 16 both England and Germany decided to accept arbitration, although with reservations as to certain of the claims against Castro. On the following day, just as acceptance of arbitration was being announced, the United States strongly recommended such action. In other words, Germany and Great Britain had agreed to arbitration before the American State Department had done anything except: first, send a mild suggestion that Roosevelt hoped for peace; second, transmit Castro's appeal "without comment."

Roosevelt's first accounts of the Venezuela episode were in perfect harmony with the facts as they appear in the documents. On April 2, 1903, he said that the sole interest of the

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United States had been to see that no territory was acquired. Both Great Britain and Germany had given assurances to that end. More than a decade passed. In 1915 William Roscoe Thayer was gathering data for his *Life and Letters of John Hay*. The World War had started. Roosevelt, like Thayer, was ardently pro-Ally. Hay's biographer called on Roosevelt to say that he desired a true version of the Venezuela dispute of 1902 and remarked that any evidence of "German duplicity and evil plotting . . . . could not fail to help the American patriotic cause." The former president of the United States, in his own historical writings, had been quite willing to let patriotism's warmth obscure cold fact. He gave Hay an account of German perfidy in 1902 which substantiated the current conception of the nature of the Hun.

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BARON VON HOLLEBEN

The German ambassador at Washington, who was recalled after the Venezuela dispute

In October, 1915, Thayer published his book. He said that Baron von Holleben had been summoned to the White House and had been told that Admiral Dewey, commanding a flotilla in Caribbean waters, would be ordered to sail unless Germany consented to arbitration within ten days. A week passed without acquiescence by the Kaiser. Then Roosevelt informed the German ambassador that thirty-six hours additional would be allowed before the sharp-shooting gunners of Dewey aimed their weapons on the German gunboats off the Venezuelan coast. It was after this that von Holleben, greatly agitated, announced that arbitration was acceptable to his country. This romantic story, obviously inaccurate in certain details, was promptly attacked by historians; by John Bassett Moore, among others. Challenged, Roosevelt put it in writing.

On August 21, 1916, he addressed a letter to Thayer giving further details. Germany, he wrote, was "the leader . . . . the really formidable party in the transaction . . . . England was merely following Germany's lead in a rather half-hearted fashion. . . . " This was the first error. England, as the documents clearly show, was the aggressor. "I became convinced," Roosevelt continued, "that Germany intended to seize some Venezuelan harbor and turn it into a strongly fortified place of arms, on the model of Kiau-chau . . . . " Perhaps he was, in fact, convinced of this. Why, then, did Roosevelt in April, 1903, state that both Germany and England had pledged non-aggrandizement? Other essential parts of the letter were:

> . . . . For some time the usual methods of diplomatic intercourse were tried. Germany declined to agree to arbitrate . . . . and declined to say that she would not take possession of Venezuelan territory, merely saying that such possession would be "temporary"—which might mean anything. I finally decided that no useful purpose would be served by further delay, and I took action accordingly. I assembled our battle fleet, under Admiral Dewey, near Porto Rico, for "maneuvers," with instructions that the fleet should be kept . . . . in fighting trim . . . . I told John Hay that I would now see the German Ambassador, myself, and that I intended to bring matters to an early conclusion. . . .
>
> I saw the Ambassador and . . . . asked him to inform his government that if no notification for arbitration came within a specified number of days I would be obliged to order Dewey . . . . to the Venezuelan coast . . . . and asked him to look at the map, as a glance would show him that there was no spot in the world where Germany in the event of a conflict with the United States would be at a greater disadvantage than in the Caribbean Sea.
>
> A few days later the Ambassador came to see me. . . . I asked him if he had any answer to make from his government . . . and when he said no, I informed him that . . . . Dewey would be ordered to sail twenty-four hours in advance of the time I had set. He expressed deep apprehension . . . . However, less than twenty-four hours before the time I had appointed for cabling the order to Dewey, the Embassy notified me that his Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor, had directed him to request me to undertake the arbitration myself . .

It is difficult to separate the truth from the obvious impossibilities of this narrative. Roosevelt gave no dates. The "ten days" of the conversation with Thayer became a "specified number of days." The "thirty-six hours" postponement became "twenty-four hours" earlier. The most important flaw in the account is Roosevelt's theory that his threat forced the acceptance of arbitration by Germany. It will be recalled that arbitration was agreed to on December 16 and announced the following day. Until December 17 the United States, publicly, had not even recommended arbitration. When it did so, Germany had already given way. Further evidence of the passive rôle that the United States had played is found in a letter from Lord Lansdowne to Sir Francis Lascelles, British Ambassador at Berlin. He described a conversation with Count Metternich. Lansdowne said:

> . . . . They [Germany] recognized that resort to arbitration would be likely to produce a salutary effect, and they consider that action should be taken on the Venezuelan proposal at once, *without waiting until Washington exchanged the role of post-office* for one of a more active character . . . .

This referred, of course, to the American State Department's action in merely forwarding the Venezuelan requests for arbitration.

Two explanations have been offered. The first is that Roosevelt, fired by the World War and his growing hatred of

(Continued on Page 382)

THE ADOPTED CHILD

T. R. took the Monroe Doctrine for his own and raised it in the way he thought it should go

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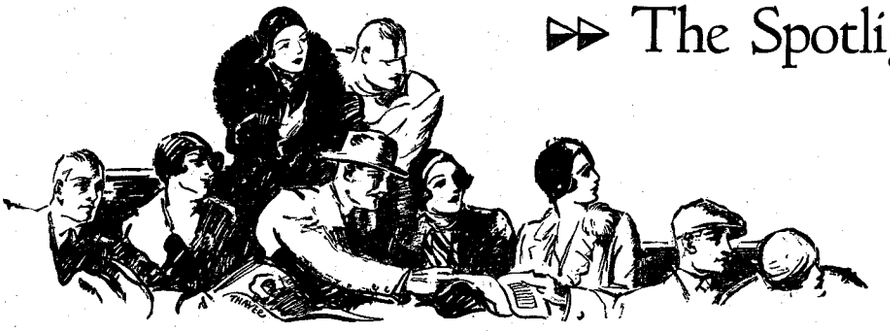
The Spotlight on Sports



Dartmouth vs. Harvard

DARTMOUTH may not have a great football team this year but it plays exciting games. Hard on the heels of that fantastic 33-33 scoring bee in the Yale Bowl, the New Hampshire boys amazed a full Harvard Stadium house by leading an exceedingly healthy looking Crimson eleven 6 to 0 with five minutes to go.

There was gall for you, since every newspaper critic had picked Harvard to win by three or four touchdowns. Up in the press coop these "experts" felt quite resentful, but there was nothing they could do about it, beyond agreeing that Harvard had treated them scurvily.

Coach Eddie Casey's pupils, anxious to oblige, were having one of those "just miss" days. Jack Crickard, a slashing free strider, was being nailed by the last tackler; Crimson receivers were failing by an eyelash to reach Wood's passes.

Just when the glum-faced journalists were about to swallow their tooth-frayed cigars, Barry Wood glanced at the clock, noted the five remaining minutes, and, standing at mid-field, took one last wind-up. He winged the ball 40 yards through the dusk, aiming for his favorite alley spot.

A chunky little Dutchman named Carl Hageman gained the rendezvous simultaneously with the ball. He reached back over his shoulder, like a center fielder, picked the ball out of the air, and kept on across the goal line, never once breaking stride.

That touchdown put it up to Barry Wood's toe, which is scarcely less infallible than his arm. He was the coolest person in the Stadium as he stood poised for the kick on which victory or a tie depended. The ball arched high above the cross-bar as press box prophets breathed sighs of relief.

The Indians Take to the Air

THIS 1931 DARTMOUTH ELEVEN is a football anomaly. Without any semblance of a running attack it scored 39 points on Harvard and Yale. Yale outrushed Dartmouth 276 yards to 35 and piled up 11 first downs to the Green's 6, yet they tied at 33 to 33! Harvard gained 243 yards by rushing to Dartmouth's 25 and registered 15 first downs against the Green's paltry 3. Yet Harvard was rather fortunate to nose out Dartmouth by one point!

Those yardage statistics read like a massacre. Stopped dead on the ground, however, Dartmouth saved its face by darkening the sky with passes. Enough of these heaves found haven in green-jerseyed arms to keep Harvard and Yale on tenterhooks. Dartmouth is really a basketball team masquerading in moleskins. It is a sad commentary on the chaotic, helter-skelter status of modern football that a team which could advance the ball less than seventy yards by rushing against Harvard and Yale combined actually scored 39 points to their 40!

A New Reform

DICK SHERIDAN'S fatal injury has prompted a crusade against the kick-off —the time-honored method of starting a football game. I hope this so-called "safety reform" fails. I am sure Sheridan would have wanted it to be quashed. He loved the game—reveled in its starkly elemental nature though he was outweighed fifty pounds or more by most of his opponents.

The kick-off is the most spectacular phase of football. It is the very essence of an essentially rugged game. Injuries are inseparable from a game based on body contact. Sheridan might have broken his neck making a tackle on a play originating from scrimmage.

Of course the kick-off has elements of danger, with players converging at top speed on the receiver, who is screened by a wedge, but if danger is to be a criterion then reformers must also abolish the forward pass. Aerial plays stress a neck-craning posture which renders boys susceptible to spinal injuries.

Thanks to the renaissance of the flying wedge, originated in 1892 by Lorin Deland, a chess theorist who never had played football, the kick-off has become a potential touchdown threat. The old V trick, first used by Harvard at Springfield, has been revived to lend spice to what had become a hackneyed routine. The touchdown runs from kick-off by Albie Booth and Bill McCall in the Yale-Dartmouth melodrama were the high spots of a game surfeited with spectacular exploits. Last Saturday, Georgia beat N. Y. U. on this spectacular maneuver, Buster Mott repeating the climax run by which Austin Downes demoralized Yale a year ago.

Spectators don't sit down now until the kick-off receiver has been smothered.

Princeton Goes Soft

"FIGHT" AND PRINCETON used to be synonymous on the gridiron. I never thought I would see a Princeton eleven fold up under pressure and call it a day, yet that's exactly what the Tigers appeared to do at Ithaca. When Cornell got its second touchdown the Princeton boys seemed reconciled to defeat. They just went through the motions of tackling, charging, blocking after that.

Where the Notre Dame slogan is "get tough" the catch phrase at Princeton these days is "be smooth." To be smooth, in student lingo, means to be suave, urbane, adept at the social graces. It implies a keen grasp of contract bridge, a clever "line" at the dinner table, a rhythmic command of the latest dance steps, a sophisticated knowledge of Broadway plays, Park Avenue restaurants, Metropolitan speakeasies, and débutante foibles.

The "smooth boy" knows his Culbertson forcing system; he can jimmy his way into Tony's when he's mislaid his pass card; he knows how to order a dinner without throwing himself on the head waiter's mercy when the menu is in French; he knows that *sec* doesn't mean "dry" when applied to champagne; he dabbles at tennis and golf; he can tell when a débutante's no means yes.

Princeton's "smoothie" fetish is calculated to polish up her sons in the social amenities but it is not compatible with football prowess. The late Knute Rockne lost no opportunity to ridicule "lounge lizards" or to speak scathingly of "prom hoofers" and hip flask toters. Indeed, his last words were significant of his virile philosophy. As he boarded the plane that was to be his metal coffin, an acquaintance shouted, "Soft landings, Coach." Leaning out the cabin door, Rockne corrected his friend: "You mean happy

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landings," he said somewhat curtly.

Keene Fitzpatrick, Princeton's white-haired trainer, says this is the biggest team in Nassau history. Princeton has never had so many eye-filling giants. Mere physical heft, however, does not imply hardness of fibre, physical and spiritual. GEORGE TREVOR.

Prince Pat

(Continued from Page 367)

he increased the company's value until he sold it to the Standard Oil Company for a profit of $3,500,000 to the security holders. He became president of one bank and director of another. He invested heavily in real estate and oil and grew rich rapidly. He now owns a great deal of real estate in Tulsa, Wichita (Kansas) and Washington.

It has always been characteristic of Hurley that he planned his life ahead. When he first decided to study law he was fishing one day with Victor Locke. Hurley asked him what his ambition in life was.

"To be appointed Chief of the Choctaw Nation," responded Locke. "What is yours?"

"For you, after your appointment as Chief of the Choctaw Nation, to make me its attorney," Hurley answered.

Incidentally, although a staunch Republican, Hurley has a warm spot in his heart for Woodrow Wilson. When the question of his reappointment as attorney for the Choctaws came up after Wilson took office, the Interior Department refused to approve him. He went directly to Wilson. The President asked him if he was a Republican or a Democrat. Hurley said he was a Republican and after some conversation Wilson promised him to disregard the departmental recommendation.

Now Hurley is reputed to crave the office of vice-president. He has been frequently mentioned for it if Vice-President Curtis decides not to run again. His only response to all questions concerning it is that "I am for the renomination of Curtis."

If an opportunity for that nomination should come to the Secretary of War there is one thing certain—he will not spend months cogitating over the relative safety of running for the Senate in Oklahoma or taking his chances with Hoover on the national ticket. He will seize the opportunity and go to every corner of the country spending all the energy he has in defense of the Hoover administration. He will go up or down, as the case may be, fighting with all the obstinacy of a political "Kicking Pete."

The Week in Business

Wall Street Wakes Up

AT LAST the investment brokers and their customers have begun to read the papers. They found eye-opening news—prices of wheat and oil on the up-and-up; steel ingot production better by 2 per cent; the nation's gold holdings increased by $39,000,000; and seats on the commodity exchanges selling at briskly rising prices. So they got into action and staged an old-fashioned stock market rally.

Wheat led the procession, with the other grains following closely behind. The advance movement in the cereals was not limited to the United States. All of the world centers of grain trading were active, including Canada's chief market at Winnipeg, and Liverpool, where the depression had forced the price of wheat down to the lowest level recorded in more than 300 years.

Optimism was observable also in the oil group, on the eve of the annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago. Rationalization was the slogan of this convention, with the process well under way. Prices for crude have already made notable gains, and it seems certain that gasoline prices in the East will soon follow the upward trend registered in the Ohio territory and the West.

Steel, as forecast recently on this page, has increased its production schedules because of demands from the motor manufacturers. Shoe manufacture has taken another spurt and the textiles are holding up fairly well. Electric power output showed the expected seasonal upturn. Here, if Wall Street will stick to its reading, are the makings of a movement that will bring investment price levels back where they belong.

Hoarding Checked

DURING the gold scare two distinct forms of hoarding developed. One was cowardly—a refusal to spend money for anything beyond the bare necessities of life. The other was miserly—the actual secretion of gold and bank notes in safe deposit boxes. No one will ever know how many millions were hidden in this way, for those who did it will never tell about it.

In order to combat this tendency, higher interest rates were imperative. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York increased its rediscount rate from one and a half per cent to two and a half per cent on October 9 and from two and a half per cent to three and a half per cent on October 16. This was a cue for banks and dealers in bills of exchange to offer large quantities of bankers' acceptances to the Federal Reserve Bank, and at the same time the member banks discounted eligible paper far beyond the amounts they actually needed.

Last week's developments indicated that the corrective measures had gone far enough, if not too far. A reduction in the open market discount rate on bankers' acceptances was quickly followed by a second reduction. Time money rates were also reduced. The worst of the money scare is over. The back of hoarding has been broken.

FRANK A. FALL.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) November 5—68.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) November 5—66.7.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 25—769,673 cars increase of 7,954 over preceding week, reduction of 189,662 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended October 31—30% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week; reduction of 17% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended October 31—daily average gross 2,431,250 barrels (increase of 50,000 over preceding week; and of 68,200 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended November 5—$6,036,075,000 (increase of 4.4% over preceding week; reduction of 29.9% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended November 5—515 (reduction of 15 under preceding week; increase of 26 over same week of 1930).

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Why America Is Hungry

(Continued from Page 369)

the countries where good cooking abounds and is considered an art, the cook is well paid and has a decent social position.

I know one thwarted cook who writes advertising copy eight hours a day and then goes home to bake bread, pies and cakes, make preserves, and prepare every bit of food she and her husband eat. She makes excuses for baking her bread in these days of universal bakeries by saying, truthfully, that the product one can buy is so dreadful; but the real reason is that she finds happiness in cooking. It is this art, rather than the writing of advertisements, that gives her a true aesthetic satisfaction. And the quality of her bread is such that all those who eat it realize that one such baker is worth a dozen such ad. writers.

I know another, a social worker, who lives drearily alone, whose storage space in her tiny apartment, even that under the bed, is almost entirely taken up with boxes filled with exquisite preserves and canned fruits. During the summer and fall she can often be found haunting the big wholesale city markets where one buys peaches and tomatoes by the bushel instead of pitifully by the half dozen or singly, and I sometimes accompany her on these orgies. The mingled smells of the fruits and coffees and various aromatic foodstuffs, and the sight of their massed abundance are to us as truly thrilling as traveling in foreign lands is to many others. We load up with more stuff than our small families can possibly consume and squander still more money on a taxi. But we have had our fling and feel justified in spending our money in this way rather than on theatre tickets. And we still our cooks' consciences, that call waste of food a sin, by thinking what fine Christmas gifts our preserves will be.

ANOTHER busy woman, like myself, spends more time than she should wandering through the pushcart market of her neighborhood with an old-fashioned and commodious market basket on her arm. We like to save money by marketing so, but that is not the real reason. Haggling with the pushcart owner—and he quickly learns that we are not gullible even if we do wear hats instead of the head shawls of his ordinary customers—over the price of a cabbage or an artichoke or a pound of mushrooms, and seeing the beautiful, variegated colors of all the wares displayed, and enjoying the strong smells of the open pickles and olives we cannot sanitarily indulge in give us the deep satisfaction known only

(Continued on Page 384)

▸▸ The Latest Plays ◂◂

FROM London at last comes the dramatic presentation of the theme that perhaps there may be something to be said for the eternally maligned male. If *Cynara* does not actually stand up for him, it at least dares to show how it is possible for a man to love his wife and to have an affair with another woman while she is away. It is an adaptation of *An Imperfect Lover*, by R. F. Gore-Brown, dramatized by Mr. Gore-Brown and H. M. Harwood with such skill that it has none of the usual gaps or literary flavor about it. A practically perfect cast includes Philip Merivale as the husband, Phoebe Foster as the wife and Henry Stephenson as the older man who wittily leads the husband into the way of temptation and equally wittily and sensibly brings the wife to a final rational *and* emotional forgiveness and understanding. As the little mannequin who falls in love out of her class and is driven to suicide when she realizes it is hopeless, Adrianne Allen is beautiful, appealing and thoroughly comprehensible. May the British continue to send us such charming and capable visitors! Mr. Lee Shubert is to be congratulated on giving Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the director, a chance at such a mature play. With the exception of an unnecessarily crude bathing beauty low-comedy scene, good taste is apparent throughout the writing, casting, acting and direction of *Cynara*. Only the settings are Watson Barratt, which is to say appalling.

▸▸*Hamlet*

It is an old theatrical saying that no actor has ever failed as Hamlet. Well, in Norman Bel Geddes' production of *Hamlet*, Raymond Massey is certainly put to a test of the adage and only just succeeds in maintaining its verity. Purists would perhaps assert that it is not *Hamlet* that is being performed on the intricate mass of architectural platforms that has been erected on the stage of the Broadhurst Theatre. Mr. Geddes has not only made his actors become mountain climbers but has cut down the play to a melodrama in three acts. Apart from the introduction of properties there is no change of scene except by means of the focussing of varicolored and most distracting lights. It must be said in defense of the performers that against such a setting any subtlety is impossible and that they are therefore quite right in playing *Hamlet* sheerly as a melodramatic story of revenge. In addition to Mr. Massey, Mary Servoss as Gertrude, Colin Keith-Johnston as Laërtes and John Daly Murphy as Polonius are prominently courageous in their struggle with the Geddes production. Celia Johnson is a lovely and touching Ophelia, although her part is brutally cut. Of the usually good actors in the cast, only Leon Quartermaine's spirit seems to be completely broken. The whole show can be summed up as hardly *Hamlet* as we have previously known it, but a pretty good thriller with trick lighting. I hope it is not only wishful thinking on my part which inclines me to believe that this will be one of the last manifestations of the directors' and scenic designers' flaunting of Hamlet's ever true remark that "the play's the thing."

▸▸*The Laugh Parade*

Merriment in plenty is to be had at *The Laugh Parade*, in which Ed Wynn has come back to town. Starting with the disarming announcement that "This show is different: it's nothing like either *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* or the movie of *Trader Horn*," Mr. Wynn is persistently laughable. He makes Jack Powell of the drums seem even better than on his previous appearances and gets tangled up with a couple of idiots of the Shaw and Lee school of lunacy so as to reduce this lover of the finer things in life to a helpless mass of giggles. While Wynn is not on the stage (which is, fortunately, infrequent) the ladies are given the unaffected and likable Lawrence Gray, late of Hollywood, to listen to and look at, and the none too choosy males can possibly get a thrill out of the fact that Jeanne Aubert is in their vicinity.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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The New Movies

"Ambassador Bill"

IN ANSWER to our complaint that Soviet movies are charged with Communistic propaganda, the Russians reply that our own films are equally loaded with preachments favoring American civilization. Certainly this is true of *Ambassador Bill*, the latest Will Rogers comedy. Will is the American ambassador to a small Balkan state complete with child king, his exiled father and endless revolutions. For an hour and a half Will ridicules royalty and the formalities of court life, meanwhile teaching the boy king to toss a lariat and play baseball, and the courtiers to play poker in their shirt sleeves. Finally he reunites the queen and her exiled king, proving that true love is more important than politics. Who says we have no American civilization? Anyway, *Ambassador Bill* is amusing stuff.

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

Helen Hayes, the distinguished stage actress, makes her motion picture début in a stodgy and old-fashioned vehicle, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, so-called because you and I are supposed to go into a fever at the sight of the word "sin." But in spite of Edgar Selwyn's lifeless and uninteresting direction, the film is occasionally effective. This is due entirely and completely to Helen Hayes, who does bravely and is at times quite moving as the melodramatically abused old mother.

More News Films

Once a Lady again pictures poor Ruth Chatterton married to a chilly Englishman. Again she goes astray and again she is separated from her child and still again she ends up years later on the streets of Paris. *Once a Lady* is as much like Ruth Chatterton's last four films as if they had all come from the conveyor belt of the same assembling plant.

Unholy Garden, in spite of the charming and persuasive Ronald Colman, is pretty flat, both as to story and dialogue. The scene is northern Africa.

Girls About Town can be recommended if you fancy large closeups of Kay Francis and Lillian Tashman in their lingerie and some amusing shop-talk between girls who go gold-mining in other people's checkbooks.

The Yellow Ticket dates back to Al Woods' stage play of 1914, but Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore (the best actor in his family) make it effective blood-and-thunder melodrama. The scene is czarist Russia.

Worth Seeing

FIVE STAR FINAL: A bitter and exciting tirade against tabloid journalism.
GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD: William Haines and an amiable lunatic known as "Schnozzle" Durante.
THE GUARDSMAN: Alfred Lunt and Lyn Fontanne of the Theatre Guild make polite and sprightly conversation.
MONKEY BUSINESS: The mad Marxes working havoc on a big ocean liner. Wild slapstick.
PALMY DAYS: Eddie Cantor as a spiritualistic medium's wild-eyed assistant. Also songs and dances.
STREET SCENE: Elmer Rice's tense drama of life in a New York tenement.

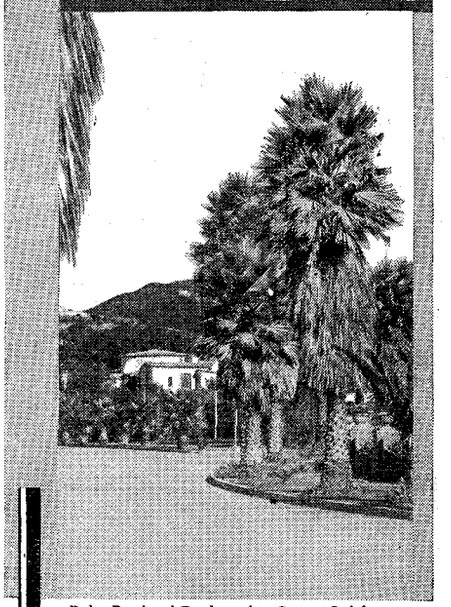
"Over the Hill"

Ever since Fox made *Over the Hill* with Mary Carr in 1921, rival movie producers have worked night and day to duplicate its neglected, bespectacled, white-wigged old mother, its wet-eyed audiences and its financial success. We Americans love our mothers, but we also pay high to see them suffer through eight reels. Fox's new all-talking *Over the Hill* shows Mae Marsh as the unhappy little old lady who is so cruelly neglected by the same children for whom she had once slaved. The thing is brought up to date with bootleggers and guns, and directed with a technical skill the theme hardly deserves, although the few good characters are still revoltingly sweet and self-sacrificing. The story comes from a "poem"—*Over the Hill to the Poorhouse*.

CREIGHTON PEET.

ERRATUM: Last week's movie page should have been signed Creighton Peet, not Oliver Claxton.

CALIFORNIA TRAVEL TIPS



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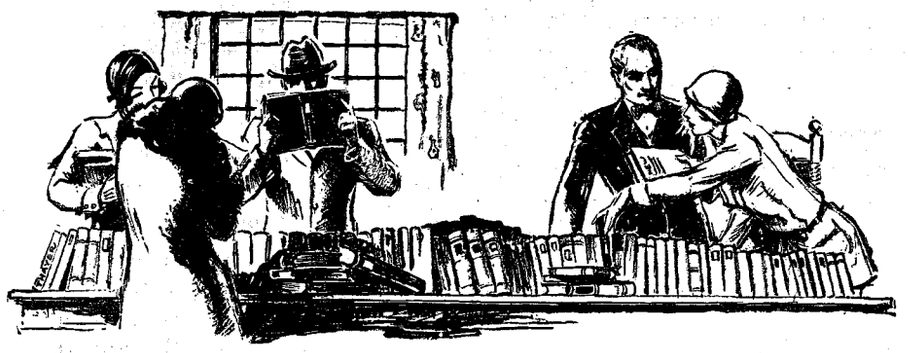
The New Books



The Week's Reading

Cranmer
By Hilaire Belloc
Lippincott, $5.00

This is the story of a servant. And because the master was Henry the Eighth, Thomas Cranmer, born in obscurity and intended, by all the odds, for obscurity, became Archbishop of Canterbury (1533-1556) and therefore Primate of England. His is not a pretty story, because it is a cringing coward's story. Many times he conducted men and women to the heap of faggots; men and women who expressed openly the religious faith he clutched to his heart in secret. He rose to power because he was "the Boleyns' man," struggled to bring about Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon and, finally, solemnized the marriage of Henry to Anne Boleyn. And when Anne, in her silly pride, was struck down, he, her chaplain, went in the guise of friend so that he might bring his master Henry more evidence against her. And because he was such a good servant, he was spared. Thomas Cromwell became boss of England and Thomas Cranmer was his man, but when Cromwell, like Wolsey before him, was despoiled and imprisoned, the Primate trembled, and wrote an abject protestation of loyalty to Henry, so that only Cromwell's head reddened the block. Toward Catherine Howard, who walked in the steps of Anne Boleyn, the Primate acted the same cowardly rôle that he had played out before. Then when Henry died, and the Protestant Council that clustered about the boy king, Edward VI, began forming his mind on an anti-Catholic bias, the enemy of Rome that Cranmer was could profess itself, slowly, and then so openly that there could be no doubt where indeed his loyalty was. The frail Edward died; Mary, daughter of that intensely Catholic Catherine of Aragon whom Henry had divorced, came to the throne, against Protestant rebellion, and then indeed were Cranmer's days numbered. But now that man who had been a servant so long, suppressing his inmost principles, became tired of twisting and turning, saying that black was white when he knew it was black. He tried to save himself at the last by recanting his Protestant principles—which included denial of the suzerainty of the Christian world by the Pope of Rome and the Real Presence in the Sacrament—and then, at the very last, on the morning of his execution by fire, the theological servant of Anne Boleyn, Henry the Eighth, Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Protector and Edward VI, crowned his coward's life with a gesture of heroism—he recanted his recantation, affirmed his principles, *ran* to the fire which was being prepared for him and put into it—as he had promised—the hand with which he had written so many things that had been contrary to his faith. The coward died a martyr. At the very end he redeemed himself.

As a man, as a "life," Thomas Cranmer is a sorry pretext for a full-length biography. His life is, for Belloc, simply a biographical coign of vantage from which to survey the theological disputes and currents of the day; it is more the story of what Cranmer did for his masters than of anything else. The first part of the book is very little more than a description of the devious ways taken to force the Catholic world, and the Pope, particularly, to annul the marriage of Henry and Catherine. This is not an exciting book, except in spots and particularly toward the end; but it is an informative record of an exciting period in English history. If there is found in this book a pro-Catholic bias, it must be pointed out in fairness to Mr. Belloc that if it exists it is unconscious.

HARRY SALPETER.

The Care and Feeding of Adults
By Logan Clendening
Knopf, $2.50

This book is good for what does not ail you. It should be read by everybody, for the theme is vital to everybody and it can be understood by any one who can read. If some dour closet chap regards it as too jaunty, tell him to go out and walk around the block and buy an extra copy for a friend in the course of his marathon. There is a chuckle in every paragraph and a corrective against fad-born phobias on every page. The M. D. author has practiced for over a generation, read widely, observed intelligently and digested wisely. He gives the living proofs for his many theses, including these: That there is not a thing about salt the consumption of which will increase your blood pressure, that there is nothing harmful in meat unless you eat more than you can pay for, that reducing is an indefensible and possibly dangerous activity, that abstention from alcohol has never yet been known to prolong life, that bishops were not born bishops, so that great care must be exercised in "auditing" their health, that the entire medical fraternity has not one single item of knowledge about contraceptives that is not old stuff to the corner drug clerk, that the batting average of the most loyal contraceptive is only 98.6, and that the whole business is not nearly so weighted with possibilities as it seems, since the man who can start a scandal after passing forty-five is a credit rather than a menace. Look at the headings that make up the table of contents and if you have enough confidence-resistance even then to keep from buying the book, consult the old-fashioned practitioner—he may find that you have been speculating without due caution. It is a joyful book, a helpful book, a book against cranks and in behalf of those who somehow fall for the crank's schemes. Read it and increase your self-respect—yea, even your respect for Missouri.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Creeps by Night, selected by Dashiell Hammett: John Day. A new and excellent collection of shudders.

Red Headed Woman, by Katharine Brush: Farrar & Rinehart. A hard-boiled young lady who knew what she wanted and how to get it.

American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay and final replacement by the new order.

NON-FICTION

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. The growth and prospects of the American dream; an interpretation of the rise of American civilization.

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, A Correspondence: Putnam. Interesting, charming, witty.

Living My Life, by Emma Goldman: Knopf. Emma Goldman's own record of her remarkable career.

America Weighs Her Gold, by James Harvey Rogers: Yale University Press. For those who want a clear explanation of the effect of the gold supply on economic problems today.

Mahatma Gandhi at Work, edited by C. F. Andrews: Macmillan. The second volume of Gandhi's autobiography, giving a complete view of the man and his philosophy.

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Friends and Relations
By Elizabeth Bowen
The Dial Press, $2.00

Something less than substantial, something too vaguely insinuated, breeds out of Miss Bowen's new book an embryo of confusion in your mind. The intricacies of family life, traced like the pattern of leaves looming through fog, leave you groping for the psychological realities behind them. Two sisters, Laurel and Janet, make, each one, a very acceptable marriage, within the span of a summer. A single shadow, from the worldly standpoint, hovers across these marriages. Laurel's mother-in-law, Lady Elfrida, and Janet's uncle-in-law, Considine, created, years ago, a scandal which, because it did not prove an enduring passion fettered by the law, was never swallowed by the various relations. Grown old now, and chilled, and quietly amused, they throw disorder into Laurel's and Janet's lives. The undercurrent of tragedy which is Janet's love for Laurel's husband is spasmodically interwoven through the family scenes. Miss Bowen makes a fetish of suggestion. People talk in fragmentary phrases from which you are to imply a host of dramatic possibilities. This crisscross of personalities has a slippery effect. Throughout the story, which is almost wholly subjective, you skate on a thin ice of speculation, teased by moments of brilliant analysis, or thwarted by cloudy hints. The book does not quite harden into shape.

Return I Dare Not
By Margaret Kennedy
Doubleday, Doran, $2.50

Folly of the Sanger kind, folly of dreams and vague fulfillments, has vanished, for the time being, from Miss Kennedy's writing. Exotic adolescents, intimations of genius, and sudden revelries have fled. Gone, too, are the casual passions of Bohemia, from these pages. In their stead comes a gay, tense, rather rollicking satire on the aftermath of success. Hugo Potts, the hero (patterned after a successful London playwright of the moment), dear to the hearts of blowsy columnists and frustrated women, has no time to live. Every lunch, tea, encounter is, for him, a gesture. Where he goes, his public personality pursues him. His face has greened with fatigue. His energies can now be mustered only with high effort. If he talks to *confrères*, friends, or waiters, he studies his effects. He has no sleep, knows no relaxation. Hugo is to make his début at a certain fashionable house over the week-end. From Friday night to Monday morning spans the whole book. During this stay, scorned by one woman, beseeched by another, and, for the first time, profoundly understood by a third, Hugo's values turn topsy-turvy. He battles royally against himself and emerges a romantic victor. His victory has the personal, warm savor with which Miss Kennedy cannot fail to wheedle your response. Under her clipped estimates of fame and fashion, she manages, once again, to sound the seductive note.

The Almond Tree
By Grace Zaring Stone
The Bobbs-Merrill Company, $2.50

To grow old, to have made your choice, to have nothing left you but an immutable and almost finished pattern is a universal pain. No grief of Youth, however sharp, can be compared to it. For the young can take some new direction. The path of the middle-aged lies straight ahead. Thus May, Susan and Leda, three sisters whose salad days have fled, whose sufferings are of long standing and all too familiar, whose bodies are growing reluctant, come face to face, each in her way, with bitterness, while Marise, Leda's seventeen-year-old daughter, makes her first impact with despair. May, living out her life in the family house in Washington, builds up a routine of pride, virtue and childhood memories for security against her lonely spinsterhood. Susan, divorced, with a newfangled home and a *Dérain* over the mantelpiece, seeks an escape in parties and committees from what is still the intolerable pain of her husband's infidelity. Leda, the beautiful one of the three, made suddenly heart-broken and poor by her husband's death, forsakes her cosmopolitan *milieu* and comes, bringing young Marise, to live with May. The story shuttles back and forth between these lives so closely bound by blood and still more deeply cleft apart by personality. While Marise is perhaps too wooden a figure of adolescence to win you, the older women are subtly, triumphantly real. The book, in its aloof way, implies tragedy, answering spurts of rebellion with anguished acceptance. It has the high distinction of seeming true. VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

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By Frank L. Packard
Crime Club, $2.00

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the sole survivor of a burning ship, he is picked up by a yacht owned by a mysterious Chinaman, whose gratitude he wins by the removal of an appendix. With the Chinaman's assistance the murder hunt leads through Whitey Jahal's dive in Singapore, to the island of Batai, and thence to that other sinister island where pirates and head hunters divide the loot and torture their enemies, and where, just as Ronald and the girl friend are about to be hewn to pieces—But perhaps you'd like to read the story yourself. It's a good, fast moving one.

The Cream of the Jesters
A. & C. Boni, $3.00

A good selection of verses, drawings and short pieces by Benchley, Lardner, Milt Gross, Frank Sullivan, Will Rogers, Ogden Nash, Peter Arno, *et al.*—and if that isn't enough for you we don't know what more we can say.

Snakes of the World
By Raymond L. Ditmars
Macmillan, $6.00

A practical and readable book, in the preparation of which the author has been guided by the many queries which have come to him in the correspondence of the N. Y. Zoölogical Society. If you're interested in snakes, or are going into a snake country, or even if you just want something interesting to read, you'll like this book, which has 84 very fine plates.

They Walk Again
Chosen by Colin de la Mare
Dutton, $2.50

Another ghost story anthology, and there can't be too many of them for us, always provided that each new collection includes several good ones that we haven't read before. This one does. There are stories new to us by L. P. Hartley, W. H. Hodgson, Monsignor Benson and Oliver Onions, as well as others, not too well known, by Blackwood, Bierce, Middleton, M. R. James, Edith Wharton and others. Jacobs' *The Monkey's Paw* is perhaps the best known of all the stories, but as it is one of the best terror stories ever written, its inclusion needs no excuse. There is an introduction by Walter de la Mare.

Wyatt Earp
By Stuart N. Lake
Houghton Mifflin, $3.50

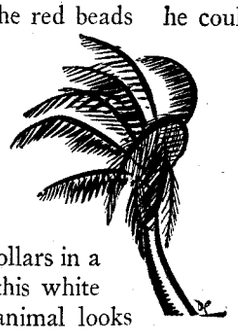
The exciting story of a famous frontier marshal, dramatically and—what is better—truthfully told. "The real story of the old West," said Bat Masterson once, "can never be told unless Wyatt Earp will tell what he knows; and Wyatt will not talk." But Mr. Lake's story is based upon the account of his life which Earp was finally persuaded to give out. If you like stories of cattle rustlers and gamblers, cow towns and gun fights, don't miss this one.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

▸▸ From the Life ◂◂

▸▸*Five and Ten*

WHEN he remembered how he had felt when he first took the elevator job he had to grin at himself. For it was a swell building on a swell street. And most of the passengers he carried in the swift sliding car were women. And fashionable! That's why they had him fooled, see? he argued with himself. Furs and perfumes, rich looking clothes and jewelry, why wouldn't they be real? But it was the red beads that had opened his eyes. The red beads and his wife.



"You oughta see some of them," he had been fond of telling her. "They'd make your eyes bulge all right, all right. Clothes that come out of these here uptown shops. A thousand dollars in a dress, maybe—and what's this white fur? Comes from a little animal looks like a reptile?"

"Ermine," said his wife shortly.

"Ermine," he repeated, hastily, "and stones as big as my thumbs strung round their necks. Each one of 'em a fortune."

He might have known what that would lead to. Sure enough, she had stopped in at the building soon afterwards. Just then a presence had entered and his wife had slipped unobtrusively outside again. But he knew what she was doing all right. She was sauntering up and down outside, watching to see if he knew what he'd been talking about.

He was off early that night, early enough for the avenue to be all lit up and brighter than stars. There she was waiting for him and she slipped her arm through his so innocently that he almost forgot his suspicions. Then she said sweetly, "I seen the one in white fur." He stopped dead in his tracks and looked at her.

"Do you think that was ermine? Why," said his wife as cheerfully as though she had just been to a show, "not a piece of fur went inside that swell building tonight but rabbit."

"Maybe you know and maybe you don't," he said. "Maybe you couldn't tell the difference between ermine and rabbit anyhow. And anyway, I bet you never took notice of the necklace she had on. Rubies and each one bigger'n a walnut."

Against his will, she had halted him. She was leading him sideways up to a great glass window.

"Look," she said triumphantly. "Right under your nose. Look at that and tell me what it's worth."

In front of him, on a steel rack, hung strings and strings of stones—sapphire—topaz—emerald—amethyst—and on the very end of the rack, rubies; the same red necklace that he had seen glimmering and sparkling beneath the ermine coat. Above the plate glass window stretched a great red and gold sign, announcing the name of the merchant. Above the necklaces was a small, neatly printed bit of cardboard that told him unmistakably—10 cts.

Later, looking back on that evening, he could see that it had been the beginning of his world-weary ideas.

"Fakes," he was fond of telling himself with pleasurable bitterness. "It's only the poor has got to be honest. Where would the poor be, all dressed up in imitations and pretending to be God? Laughed at," he answered himself, "or in jail. An' who'd listen to their ideas if they wasn't rich?

So it happened that when he saw the string of white beads huddled in a corner of his car one evening, he stared contemptuously and lifted it on his foot. "You don't look like nothing only what you are—five and ten." Nevertheless, he stooped and stuck them in his pocket.

At home, he dropped the white beads on the drain board where his wife was drying dishes.

"Five and ten," he said briefly.

She snatched them up from the puddle, went over to the mirror and clasped them around her neck. "My!" she said wistfully, "If it was anybody else wearing 'em, I'd say they was real."

"Yeah?" asked her husband sardonically. "You learned me better."

So on the next day it sort of hit him between the eyes to have that insurance fellow walk in on him so coolly.

"Seen anything of a string of pearls?"

"Sure," he said.

The insurance fellow brightened. "Say! That's great. Lady lost 'em yesterday. She was in your car, among other places."

"You mean," he asked doubtfully, "you mean that string was real?"

"I'll say it's real!" said the fellow.

"Why, I took 'em home to my wife," he said; "thinking they were—you know—five and ten stuff."

Then it was that the insurance fellow let him have it. "That's right. Five hundred is what you'll get out of it. Ten thousand is the price of the beads."

Well, he said to himself, seeing stars. Well! This time he guessed she'd have to own up that he knew what he was talking about.

IBBY HALL.

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Prose and Worse

WE HAD a call from Mr. Meadowcroft yesterday. We like him better when he writes to us than when he appears in person. He's sort of a bully. Not at all like his letters.

He stamped into the office when we were explaining to a man that half of it about January first was really the best we could do. We don't like to be interrupted in the middle of creative work, and perhaps we looked a little annoyed, but he didn't turn a whisker. "Go on, you old boloney factory," he said. "Don't mind me. I'll wait. I guess I can stand it if this guy can." And he winked at the man, climbed up on the desk, sat down, curling his tail around him, and looked expectant.

The man seemed somewhat startled. Perhaps he had never heard a mouse talk before. Anyway, he left very shortly afterward, taking part of the window frame with him. We'd never heard a mouse talk before, either, but we weren't going to be intimidated.

"What's the idea, barging in like this when I'm in conference?" we said. "Can't you get yourself announced properly, like everybody else?"

"Aw, can that stuff!" he replied coarsely. "I did ask the girl out there to announce me, and she climbed up on her desk and began to scream. So I came right in. I thought that must be the way you had people announced here."

"Well, now you're in," we said, "what do you want?"

He only grinned. "All right, Mussolini. I'll spill it all, don't you worry. In the first place, I want to know why you don't print any of my stuff any more? I been sending you a lot lately, and not a word printed, only a lot of tripe by this guy Hooker. Who ever told him he could write, the big cheese—"

"That'll do now," we said firmly. "The captain is a friend of mine. And, anyway," we added, hoping to shift the issue, "I should think that for a mouse 'big cheese' would be a term of praise."

"That's all you know about it!" he snapped. "Cheese! Once you humans get an idea in your heads nothing can ever get it out. It's just the cheap and easy way you have of labeling everything. Scotchmen are tight and women are sentimental, and mice like cheese. Why, most mice I know wouldn't touch a piece of cheese with a ten-foot pole."

"It would be fun to see them try," we put in.

"Oh, cut out the funny stuff!" he exclaimed. "And let me give you a pointer. If you ever want to catch mice, quit baiting traps with cheese. Why, the mice just laugh at you! All you ever catch are the young silly ones that try to steal the cheese for a bet. Bait your traps with the kind of food you like yourself—then you'll catch 'em. Why, I've known a nice *Supreme de volaille* to clean out an entire family. But you haven't yet answered my question. How about it? I want to see what old, moth-eaten alibi you'll try to spring on me."

But having used up all our alibis on our previous visitor we decided to tell the truth. "The fact is," we said, "that while we always enjoy reading your stuff, we haven't found it exactly suited to the present needs of our column. Rejection, it should be understood—"

"Implies no lack of merit," he interrupted. "Sure, I know all that hooey."

"Well, then," we said, "there's no need to hand you the rest of it. Your stuff is too advanced—that's the trouble. As long as you stuck to your own experiences on the farm, and in New York, it was fine. But when you started that stream-of-consciousness stuff, The Oddyssey of a Mouse—well, of course you've been reading Joyce, and it's a very creditable addition to that type of literature. But good heavens, I had no idea mice had such thoughts as that. And you know people are inclined to sentimentalize mice—that'd be horribly shocked to read such things, even if we could print them. Why, they'd hardly dare live in their houses if they thought there were such mice as you behind the wainscot, listening and drawing deductions from everything they said."

He grinned. "Boy," he said, "I haven't told a tenth of it! And remember, a lot of what I know I learned right here in this office. Say, if I'd lived in the White House I could write a book'd make Washington Merrygoround look like a Rollo book. By gosh!" he exclaimed suddenly—

"One minute," we said. "What *is* your name, Herbert or Hubert?"

He paused. "Neither," he said. "One grandfather was Herbert and the other Hubert. Parents couldn't agree, so they named me like this—" He picked up a pencil and wrote "H-bert."

"But how do you pronounce it?"

"The hyphen is silent, as in Franco-American."

"But hyphens are always silent."

"Huh, is that so! I could tell you things about hyphens that would make your blood run cold." And he swaggered off down the hall singing at the top of his lungs: "Hiyi, kerfoozleum, kerfoozelum. . . ."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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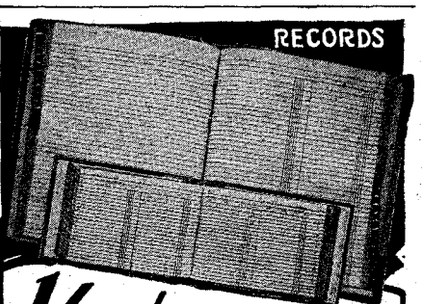

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T. R. and the Big Stick

(Continued from Page 373)

Germany, imagined the whole thing. The second is that a subsequent conversation with von Sternberg, who was in Washington in February, 1903, became tangled in his recollection with earlier conferences with Von Holleben. Such a conversation did take place. Germany's earlier acceptance of arbitration had been with definite limitations. For a time, in late January and February, it seemed probable that the negotiations would be broken off. It is a matter of record that Roosevelt made inquiries in February regarding the strength of the German fleet off Venezuela. Moreover, the existing anti-German feeling in the United States had been further inflamed by bombardment of Maracaibo by a German gunboat in January. The British, having learned their lesson, had virtuously refrained from any part in this.

Roosevelt's private letters, however, invalidate both the theory that he had no conversation at all or merely one with Sternberg. Official documents can fall short of the truth just as a too dramatic memory can go beyond it. Exactly what occurred will, in all probability, never be known. In the Venezuela controversy, however, Roosevelt was acting as his own Secretary of State. While the State Department served as a mere "post office," the President was conducting diplomatic negotiations of his own. His papers reveal that von Sternberg had been in Washington during November also, as the Venezuelan crisis developed. He returned to Berlin and on December 15, 1902, was directed by his government "to submit the impressions of my visit."

"Nothing could have pleased me more," von Sternberg told the President, "because it gave me a chance to tell them the truth. I've told them every bit of it and have used rather plain talk."

Among the subjects discussed, he added, had been Venezuela. Unfortunately, von Sternberg did not give further details, but it seems wholly probable that he reported Roosevelt's doubts regarding Germany's motives. At all events, it was two days later that Germany consented to arbitrate her claims. This, of course, is theory. That Roosevelt, however inaccurate his account of it, saw von Holleben and made strong representations to Germany is demonstrable by a witness who was present. William Loeb, Roosevelt's private secretary, recalled two visits by the German ambassador to the White House during December, 1902, but believed it possible that only two or three days elapsed between them. He remembered saying to the President, following the first conversation:

"You gave that Dutchman something to think about. The trouble is . . . . [he] is so afraid of the Kaiser that I don't think he will give a correct picture of your attitude."

Long before the World War poisoned his mind against Germany, Roosevelt wrote letters which offer further substantiation. On August 9, 1903, he said that he had been "steadily engaged in . . . . teaching the Kaiser to 'shinny on his own side of the line'." He told Spring-Rice in November, 1905, that during the early part of his term he had felt that "the Germans had serious designs upon South America . . . . " " . . . . I finally told the German Ambassador," he wrote in June, 1906, "that . . . . the Kaiser ought to know that unless an agreement for arbitration was reached . . . . I would . . . . move Dewey's ships . . . . south." Other letters were to the same end; he had threatened Wilhelm.

The final scrap of evidence was an interview granted to the correspondent of the Newark *Evening News* by Admiral Dewey in March, 1903. The winter maneuvers, he said, had constituted "an object lesson to the Kaiser more than to any other person."

A curious circumstance is that the conversation with Holleben, which undoubtedly took place, is nowhere mentioned in *Die Grosse Politik*, the enormous mass of German documents published after the war.

In all probability Roosevelt hastened the acceptance of arbitration by Germany. There is no possible doubt that he dramatized and heightened the part that he played. Arbitration would have come in any event. Germany and England both discovered that coercion of Venezuela had aroused alarm and irritation in the United States. The alliance with Germany had brought a storm of criticism in England. Each country was happy when an opportunity to end the ill-advised excursion came.

To Roosevelt the affair had one pleasing factor. It resulted in the recall of von Holleben on "leave of absence." The President had long been conspiring to this end. On January 4, 1902, United States Ambassador Andrew D. White remarked to the Kaiser that Roosevelt was anxious to have von Sternberg in the United States. Roosevelt went so far as to mention the matter to Prince Henry when the Kaiser's brother was at the White House. Accused of having used his influence against von Holleben, Roosevelt insisted that this was "too preposterous for discussion."

The appointment of von Sternberg followed in due time.

President Roosevelt's next excursion into foreign affairs related to the claims of Canada regarding the southern boundary of Alaska, and Great Britain was his adversary. Interest in this question had been negligible until gold had been discovered in the Klondike in 1896. Then the small strip of land between the coast and British Columbia became exceedingly desirable. Alaska had been ceded to the United States by purchase from Russia, but a treaty between Great Britain and Russia in 1825 had fixed the boundary line with relation to Canada.

CANADA's contention, after the gold strike, was that the line was located behind the deep inlets in the jagged coast. This would have left her in possession of the heads, or harbors, of the inlets and given control of important passes to the Yukon River and the gold fields. The American position, of course, was that the strip began at the tips of the arms reaching into the sea and that the inlets were part of Alaska. The matter had been argued prior to Roosevelt's succession to the presidency. In 1899 Secretary Hay had denounced as "ridiculous and preposterous" the contention that Russia, or any other nation, would have agreed to a boundary which left her merely a few promontories in the Pacific.

In its early stages the dispute was

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of November 21, 1951

John O'Reilly secured an injunction Monday to prevent the Masterpiece Corporation from producing his fifty-act play, "Hamlet Looks Swell in Black," in six successive eight-hour performances instead of in ten performances as called for by the script.

The committee in charge of the "Clean-the-City" campaign in Metroburg will recommend ordinances, with severe penalties, to prohibit the dropping of waste paper and cellophane in the streets and the operating of apartment houses not supplied with rest rooms for cats and dogs.

The successful imposition of a five-dollar fine upon Achilles L. Rosa, who confessed to the burning of the Hope Orphan Asylum of Centerville, Mich., was characterized by District Attorney Jones as a "magnificent triumph of law and order."

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linked with other matters under consideration between the United States and Great Britain, among them the Newfoundland fisheries and revision of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Great Britain, pointing to the fact that the United States had called for arbitration in the first Venezuela episode during Cleveland's administration, suggested that all these matters be referred to an impartial tribunal. But Hay, with the backing of Lodge, declined to admit that concessions could be made on Alaska.

THE question was allowed to drift until 1902. Relations between the two countries had in the past been made none the happier by the extraordinary hostility toward Canada exhibited by American politicians. In 1867 Seward had urged the annexation of the Dominion in payment for the damages caused by Great Britain's violations of neutrality during the Civil War. Roosevelt, himself, had once made violent speeches urging that North America should be inhabited exclusively by citizens of the United States.

If Lodge and Hay were opposed to arbitration in the Alaska matter, Roosevelt was even more emphatic in insisting that the United States, alone, would settle it. Characteristically, although he must have known that the possibility of conflict was grotesque, he made secret preparations for war. In March, 1902, instructions went to Secretary of War Root to have "additional troops sent as quietly and unostentatiously as possible to southern Alaska." Root transmitted to the White House copies of the order despatched to Brig.-Gen. C. M. Randall, in command in the northwest territory. In July, 1902, Roosevelt told Hay that arbitration was out of the question, that the Canadian claim was "an outrage, pure and simple . . . . to pay them anything . . . . would come dangerously near blackmail." A few days later the President said that he appreciated "the possibility of trouble . . . . [but] . . . . Root has been quietly strengthening the garrison":

> . . . . In a spirit of bumptious truculence, which for years England had resisted . . . . the Canadians put in this . . . . false claim. They now say that trouble may come if it is not acted on. I feel like telling them that if trouble comes it will be purely . . . . their own fault; and although it would not be pleasant for us, it would be death for them.

Had Roosevelt continued to oppose arbitration the Alaska dispute would probably have dragged on for some time, but in the end would have been settled in favor of the United States. Instead, he permitted a treaty to be drafted in January, 1903, which provided for six "impartial jurists of repute," three to represent the United States and three Great Britain and Canada. The tribunal would meet in London and would fix the line between Alaska and Canada. This treaty, and Roosevelt's conduct under it, placed the United States in a bad light throughout the world. If arbitration was out of the question, no reason for the treaty existed. For the "impartial jurists," the President selected the rabidly anti-English Cabot Lodge, Secretary of War Root, and George Turner, former Senator from Washington. Great Britain chose Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England, Louis A. Jetté, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and A. B. Aylesworth, a Toronto attorney.

Roosevelt's appointments to office, wrote Henry White from London in April, 1903, had "caused a great deal of embarrassment . . . . some dismay, as well as great surprise." Canada's protests to the home government had been violent and it was, White admitted, "difficult—not to say impossible—for the British Government to maintain that Cabot is 'an impartial jurist of repute' or that Root or Turner are impartial in the sense required by the treaty . . . " Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, had remarked that if the United States was so very certain that her position was right, and he conceded its strength, far greater confidence would have been inspired by "judges or lawyers not connected with the government." Sir Michael Herbert, British ambassador at Washington, told his Foreign Office that he was "disgusted and disheartened . . . . everything in this country is subservient to politics . . . . really an Ambassador in Washington needs more than an ordinary stock of patience."

In truth, Roosevelt's "impartial jurists" ill became a nation affecting to believe in arbitration. The President's attitude was similarly ungracious later in 1903. To reports that Great Britain might ask for postponement, he said that she "must be kept right up to the mark." He disliked "making any kind of a threat," but if England played "fast and loose," he would break off negotiations, send a special message to Congress, and "run the boundary as we deem it should be run"; in other words, offer an insult to British prestige which might have meant war had the issues been less absurd.

"You will, of course, impartially judge the questions that come before you for decision . . . . " began the contradictory instructions from the President to the members of the American commission. " . . . . In the principle involved there will, of course, be no compromise. . . ." By "principle," Roosevelt meant the boundary line itself. He was willing to award to Canada one or two of the uninhabited islands off the coast.

Certainly the evidence was overwhelmingly on the side of the American claims in Alaska. Even British maps, until the dispute arose, had substantiated them. In the Cabinet Room at the White House, Roosevelt told Hay, "stands a globe made in London by the map makers for the Admiralty . . . . [which gives] . . . . this boundary precisely . . . [as] claimed by us . . " The tribunal so decided at London on October 20, 1903. Two of the four islands were given to Canada as a consolation prize. The three American commissioners, naturally, voted in favor of the majority decision while the two Canadians, Jetté and Aylesworth, declined to sign it. Lord Alverstone, by voting with the Americans, lived up to the obligations of his high judicial office. Bitterly criticized for his action, the Lord Chief Justice declared at a dinner in London:

> If, when any kind of arbitration is set up they don't want a decision based on the law and the evidence, they must not put a British judge on the commission.

The result, said Roosevelt, "offered signal proof of the fairness and good-will with which two friendly nations can approach and determine issues . . . . "

When he became President, and appreciated the complexities of dealing with the quarrelsome and inefficient governments of the Caribbean and South America, Roosevelt abandoned his earlier lust for the acquisition of territory. In May, 1897, he had favored the purchase of the Virgin Islands, and as President would undoubtedly have endorsed the acquisition of the Danish West Indies. But negotiations to that end in 1902 failed.

By 1901 the family of dependent nations was ample, even for a Chief Executive who believed in fecundity. It was in an endeavor to apply the Monroe Doctrine to this new world empire that Roosevelt so greatly expanded its meaning. The doctrine, as a matter of fact, had been violated.

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The Panama revolution, one of the most debated events in Roosevelt's administration, will be described in detail next week

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Why America Is Hungry

(Continued from Page 376)

to born cooks. No painter foresees his finished canvas with more pleasure than do we foresee these foods served up to discriminating and appreciative palates.

Of course, we might profitably indulge our love of cooking by opening a tea room or by taking in boarders, but that is no real solution. In the first place, the capital needed for starting a tea room is often beyond our means. In the second place, such a business, even though it proves successful, is likely to be too great a burden—the business end interferes with the cooking and is the kind of twenty-four hour job that one cannot forget when the day's work should be over. Also, the good cook knows that when food is served in large quantities the flavor seriously suffers and becomes standardized. One knows exactly just how a certain dish is going to taste in a large restaurant, even of the better sort, so half the fun of anticipation is gone. That is not so in good home cooking or in cooking done in small quantities. No place should serve more than twenty-five, or thirty, at the most. It is the guesswork seasoning and timing of the born cook that makes for flavor and piquancy. But where hundreds are served the measuring cup sternly rules. It is the difference between machine-made and handicraft products.

I AM not unmindful of the new profession of dietitian, but few dietitians are in demand. And if the food served the patients in the average hospital is a fair sample of what the staff dietitian can do, then I think that some dietitians should promptly start working in a medium other than foodstuffs. I am quite sure a goodly number of the relapses among hospital convalescents must be due to the dry, tasteless food, mainly parched spaghetti, which those weak and sensitive persons, greatly in need of nourishment, are asked to consume.

Keeping steady boarders would also be too burdensome. There are too many duties, other than cooking, connected with it, and an unrelieved seven-day week. But for many of us to go blithely to an eight-hour cooking job, just as we now go to office or classroom, would be an ideal solution, both for us who can cook and for the general health and gustatory pleasure of the populace.

Well-to-do householders, once self-convinced of the true social value of a good cook, as well as of the all-around values of good cooking, could easily afford to pay us the forty, fifty, or sixty dollars per week we now earn in genteel occupations. We should then save them considerable money by doing all the marketing, replacing this present wasteful and dull telephone order method. I have found that the shopkeeper respects and deals fairly with the woman who knows her groceries and refuses to accept anything second-rate.

IF, WHEN the governors meet again, they will give me the chance, I shall make sure that all during the convention they have the dishes for breakfast, dinner and supper that their hearts crave. The Southern governor shall have corn bread without sugar and hot biscuits and fried chicken for breakfast. Similarly, I should make it my business and my art to know how to cook the favorite dishes of different regions, even to *chile con carne* for Texans. Perhaps, fortified by good food, these gentlemen might achieve something definite and worth while at their various sessions.

In spite of the fact that most of the bad public cooking is done by men, there are also some thwarted masculine good cooks. I know a busy executive, not at all effeminate, who spends a good share of his leisure hours fussing about in his kitchen. He is a widower with one child and a housekeeper-nurse. Often the housekeeper-nurse is away at the seashore or mountains with his small son. Does he eat in restaurants on these occasions? Never. He catches his commuter's train, rides for over an hour, does his marketing, and then cooks with enjoyment his solitary dinner. After dinner his kitchen with loving solicitude is put into perfect order. Then he is likely, if it is summer or fall, to get out his preserving kettle and start making jams or canning the tomatoes from his garden. Since we have become well enough acquainted to know that we are both born cooks, we exchange preserves and recipes, just as two old-fashioned, small-town housewives might do.

I wish that tomorrow morning all those of us of either sex who are good cooks, otherwise occupied, might forsake our genteel and often to us uninteresting occupations, and joyfully sally forth with market basket on arm. I feel sure that by so doing we might lift a bit of the present national depression. And in these days, when the world seems especially topsy-turvy, and when so many of us by necessity work for pay at useless and even anti-social occupations, there would be something extraordinarily satisfying to many of us women, destined as we are by nature to deal with fundamentals, in administering to one of the prime necessities. For whether we travel on wild boars or in airplanes, clothing, shelter and food will always be basic human needs.

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many *more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the* column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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